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2

THE HURON CHIEF,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

ADAM KIDD.

Where are our Chiefs of old ? Where our Heroes of mighty name ?
The fields of their battles are silent—scarce their mossy tombs remain !

OSSIAN.

MONTREAL :

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE HERALD AND NEW GAZETTE.

1830.



TO

THOMAS MOORE,

THE MOST POPULAR, MOST POWERFUL, AND MOST PATRIOTIC

POET

OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,

WHOSE MAGIC NUMBERS

HAVE VIBRATED TO THE HEARTS OF NATIONS,

THESE POEMS ARE DEDICATED,

BY HIS MOST ARDENT ADMIRER,

ADAM KIDD.

MONTREAL, January 25, 1880.

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PREFACE.

AT a time when Poetry has received the highest polish, from the master hands of a BYRON and a MOORE, it seems almost rashness in a youthful bard to attempt to cull, from the banks of Helicon, even one leaf of the immortal *baccalia*, to adorn his aspiring brow—while the consequences may prove as serious before the ordeal of Criticism as the efforts of Pliny, who perished in the fire of Vesuvius, while searching into the cause of the beauteous, but destructive element.

The little birch canoe, in which I have safely glided through the tranquil lakes of the Canadas, could not securely venture on the boiling surge, and foaming breakers, over which Childe Harold and Lalla Rookh triumphantly rode in their magnificent Gondolas.

It is not, however, my intention to trouble the readers of the "HURON CHIEF" with useless apologies for the defects that it may possess, knowing that a poem of such length can scarcely be free from errors ; and, particularly, when written, without much opportunity for correction, on the inner rind of birch bark, during my travels through the immense forests of America, and under many difficulties and privations, arising from causes that I must, for the present, avoid mentioning. The innocent, and unassuming, friendly treatment that I experienced among the Indians, together with the melancholy recital of the deep wrongs which they received from those calling themselves "*Christians*," induced me to undertake this dramatic poem.

From the days of the American Revolution until this very hour, the poor Indians have been so cruelly treated, and driven from their homes and hunting-grounds, by the boasted freemen of the United States, that the MOHICANS, the NARAGANSETTS, the DELAWARES, and others, once powerful Tribes, have now become totally extinct—while

the remaining Nations are daily dwindling away, and in a few years hence will scarcely leave a memorial to perpetuate their names, as the once mighty rulers of the vast American regions.

I am fully aware, that the "HURON CHIEF" will draw on me the censure of many—but this is no consideration, since I can fairly and honestly plead the *correctness* of my observations. Many of the Indian Tribes have emigrated into Canada—and are now prospering, and happily enjoying the manly protection of the British Government.

The miscellaneous poems, which follow the "HURON CHIEF," with the exception of the one to Polyphemus, were written for amusement, during the leisure hours necessarily abstracted from a long round of professional studies, the benefits of which I have never yet reaped, owing to an accidental fall from the cloud-capped brows of a dangerous Mountain, over which I had heedlessly wandered, with all that open carelessness which is so peculiarly the characteristic of poetic feeling.

In the lines addressed to the Rev. Polyphemus, perhaps I have been too severe, having written them at a moment when my every feeling was deeply touched by a sad and a serious disappointment. Let such be my apology!

The liberal and friendly encouragement with which my first attempt has been so highly favoured, and particularly in the Canadas—fifteen hundred copies being already called for—will induce me to follow up, in a more extensive volume, the *Tales and Traditions* of the Indians, which I have personally collected among them, together with local descriptions of the numerous cascades, stupendous cataracts, and majestic scenery of the country, which for beauty and grandeur remain unrivalled in the universe.

The poem of the HURON CHIEF has made such an impression on the Indian warriors to whom it has been communicated, that it will shortly be translated into their respective tongues, by SAWENNOWANE, and other Chiefs, equally celebrated and intelligent, who speak and write several languages.

THE HURON CHIEF.

ON Huron's banks, one summer-day,
When all things bloomed with beauty gay,
I wandered undisturbed and free,
Nor heard a sound, save wood-doves cooing,
Or birds that tapped the hollow tree,
Where owlets sat, their play-mates wooing,
And harmony had filled the throng
Of pleasure, as I moved along.

'Twas thus, in rapture, I was bound,
 Where ev'ry beauty smiled around,
 That could delight the poet's heart,
 To gaze on groves, or plants, or waters,
 Or even to the soul impart

Such bliss—once felt by Eden's daughters,
 When from their homes, in pleasure's hour,
 They strayed to cull each fragrant flow'r.

Here every scene that struck the view,
 Seemed wrought in nature's richest hue,
 As if to tell me, where I stood,

No foot, before, had ever bended,
 Save the great Spirit's of the wood,
 When all the Nation's Tribes* ascended,

* The five confederated nations are known by the names of MOHAWKS, ONEYDOES, ONONDAGAS, CAYUGAS and SENNEKAS. Each of these nations is divided into three tribes, or families, who distinguish themselves by three different arms or ensigns: the Tortoise, the Bear, and the Wolf; and the Sachems, or old men of these families, put their ensign, or marks of their family, to every public paper, when

That hill of green—where oft at night,
The Council-fire displayed its light.

And as I felt my soul give way,
In purest dreams of ecstasy,
I wished that in this spot alone,
 With one kind heart to dwell forever,
With one that I could call my own,
 Enjoying scenes of bliss together,
As onward here, from bower to grove,
No tyrant hand to check our love.

Here, when my heart had fancied all,
And brought, as if by magic call,
A splendid world of fairy bliss,
 For me to make my happy dwelling,
With all the charms that hallow this—

I heard soft words of sorrow swelling,

they sign it. The Five Nations think themselves superior to the rest of mankind, and call themselves *ONGUS-HONWE*; that is, men surpassing all others.—COLDON.

Like these—sent from a grove of pine,
As from a minstrel-voice, divine.

Happy and blest were the days of my childhood,
And smooth rolled the current of pleasure along,
When first I delighted to stray through this wild wood,
Breathing to echo each feeling in song.

And oft when the fire-flies sported around me,
Shedding their clear rays like spirits of light,
I felt as if witchery's charms had bound me,
In all the soft ties of the purest delight.

The roe of the forest—nor beaver when playing,
Through groves of green Sumach that bend o'er the steep,
Or through vales of luxuriance lightly straying,
Or laving their sides in the clear liquid deep—

Enjoy not such transport, or pleasure as fired me,
When first the bright glance of MORANKA's black eye,

With love's purest essence had deeply inspired me,
And drew all my thoughts from the Spirit on high.

I loved with the fervour of Indian feeling—
Was loved by the Chief—who as gently carest
As the breath of the morn, o'er summer-buds stealing,
Ere Sol drinks the dew-drop that hallows their breast.

Undisturbed as the wild deer that strays o'er the mountain,
Or lily that sleeps in its calm liquid bed ;
In that arbour of green, by the gush of the fountain,
Oft, oft has my Huron there pillowed his head.

But the hand of the white man has brought desolation—*
Our wigwams are plundered, our homes are no more,—

* Long and dismal are the complaints which the Indians make of the ingratitude and injustice of the Whites. They love to repeat them, and always do it with the eloquence of nature, aided by an energetic and comprehensive language, which our polished idioms cannot imitate. Often have I listened to these descriptions of their hard sufferings, until I felt ashamed of being a white man.—HECKEWELDER.

And MORANKA, the glory and pride of the Nation,
Died bravely defending the Indian's shore.

His battle-axe hangs on that branch now before me—
His spirit is with me wherever I go—
The broad plate that covered his breast is now o'er me,
His arrows are shivered—but here lies the bow.

Thus from her wild, impressive song,
I caught each note that flowed along,
Till over-swayed with fond desire,
To steal one happy glance in quiet,
I stepped behind a little pyre—
Nor shall my heart here now deny it—
I saw, I loved the lonely one,
Because she loved her Hero gone !

There is a feeling still that flings,
Its softness o'er the young heart-strings,

And almost plays the lover's part,
When one like this, its pulse awaken,
With all the thrillings of the heart,
In solitude—alone—forsaken,
To hear—to see—and not be seen—
The sorrows of an Indian Queen.

Now, all around is hushed and still,
Save the notes of Whip-poor-will—
And now deep in the tranquil lake,
I see a sky of blue reflected—
Without one curl its orb to shake,
As if Æolus had neglected,
To rouse it into life again,
But left it bound in summer's chain.

So calm, so still, no living thing,
Was heard, but wild bees on the wing,
Flitting around from leaf to flower,
In all the luxury of roving,

Drinking up the honey-shower—

Just like the tender youth when loving—
Yet never satisfied to stay,
With the rose, even one short day.

Here, now I said, this silent hour,
Invites me to her lonely bower,
I will advance—she cannot fear—

And thus I reasoned, one short minute—
My very look, must soon appear,
And show her there's no danger in it ;
But ere the words had left my tongue,
My feet by impulse moved along.

And as I now had stepped unseen,
Before the arbour of the Queen,
Again I paused, and looked again,

As if to sue for invitation,
But the load of sorrow's chain,
Still bound her in the same fixed station,

Like a statue, formed of grief—

She mourned—she wept her Huron Chief.

Then can it be that I should dare,

Her pangs of sorrow here to share,

Or even venture to obtrude,

On pure affection's burst of sadness,

Poured forth in deepest solitude ;

The act would be far more than madness—

I will not—cannot now destroy,

The bliss of tears—oft felt like joy.

I now resolved my steps to take,

Along the windings of the lake,

And glad to think I could evade

The eyes, I long had wished to gaze on,

When from a close, dark tangled shade,

A hoary Chief, whom age delays on,

Addressed me thus, in accents clear,

As if an angel whispered near.

Stranger ! whither wouldst thou stray,
 I wish to guide thy wand'ring feet,
 This is not the white man's way,
 Another path we soon shall meet.

I'm the Chieftain of this mountain—
 Times, and seasons,* found me here—
 My drink has been the crystal fountain—
 My food the wild moose or the deer.

And though much sorrow I have found,
 Since first the white man touched our shore—
 Nought here but miseries abound,
 And pleasures we can taste no more.

But though I've shared the worst of ills,
 The Christian foe-man could devise—

* "I am an aged hemlock," said a distinguished Oneida Chief,
 "the winds of one hundred and twenty years have whistled through
 my branches."

Yet, on those wild, untravelled hills,
Of him I'd make no sacrifice.

My soul disdains a coward's deed—
My heart and hand shall freely give,
Relief to all who stand in need,
While on Lake Huron's banks I live.

Thus spoke the noble Indian Sage,
As from a grove of infant pine,
He stepped, in all the grace of age,
And looked as if a saint divine.

His language o'er my feelings stole,
Like notes of pleasure on the ear,
Or joys flung o'er the drooping soul,
When hope itself had ceased to cheer.

I felt each throb of fear give way,
While tracing every line of grief,

That on his withered visage lay,
And thus addressed the aged Chief:

Sire—I'm not the Indian's foe—
No hostile hand I bear to thee :
My bosom feels for others' woe,
And my affections run as free,

As yon clear stream that winds along,
The velvet borders of the wood,
To mingle with the mighty throng,
Of waters in their destined flood.

I am a stranger—here before
My feet have never dared to tread,
Nor touch the verdure of the shore,
Where Huron laves his pebbled bed.

But now, since mutual converse brings,
The heart's best feelings purely out,

And o'er the soul such candour flings,
That we can neither fear nor doubt—

Permit me here, to ask the name,
Of one who proves so much a friend—
Unpurchased by the hope of fame,
Or aught that could such worth extend.

My name, replied the gentle sage,
Is SKENANDOW—once known afar,
When first the white man felt the rage,
Of Indians, in defensive war.

But here, in converse, while we stood,
Shaded from the sunny ray—
A youth, emerging from the wood,
Thus sung his plaintive melody.

There is a grief,
Beyond relief,
Now pressing on my soul,

With all the pain,
That can remain,
In sorrow's tainted bowl.

And I must sup,
The baneful cup—
Misfortune stamps my lot—
Nor will bestow,
On me below,
One peaceful—little spot !

There was a time,
When joys sublime,
Beat proudly in my heart—
And I could share,
Such pleasures, rare,
As love, and bliss, impart.

But here I stray,
From day to day,
And pass my hours alone—

The *maid*, revered—

To me endeared—

Is dead !—forever gone !

Now, when the youth had ceased to sing,

And echo brought the ling'ring tone,

Upon the Zephyr's mellowed wing,

——“ Is dead !—forever gone !”

The aged Chief resumed again,

The freedom of his gentle speech,

As slow we moved across the plain,

That winds along the sloping beach.

That youth, he said, whose plaintive song,

Has just now melted on the ear,

As through the woods he strayed along—

Nor thought that we were standing near—

Is one of SIOUX' noble race,

Who well the battle-axe could wield—

Nor would the Indian name disgrace,
 When honour called him to the field.

Pure, gen'rous love, his soul inspired,
 For TA-POO-KA,* of raven hair—
 He sought—he gained what he desired—
 And love the fondest joined the pair.

But Fate, that ever loves to throw
 An evil shade o'er joys like this,
 Was sure to bring a drop of woe,
 To mingle with their cup of bliss !

And soon he found, that heart and hand,
 He fancied his—and his forever—
 Were, by a father's fixed command,
 Now destined from him here to sever !

Yet, TA-POO-KA, full well he knew,
 Possessed a heart; too pure to dread,

* This word requires a slow accent.

That aught on earth could it subdue,
 Till death had wrapped it with the dead !

But ere the coming of that time,
 Which mutual love had marked to be
 The witness of such joys sublime,
 As crown the marriage jubilee—

A father's mandate had declared,
 That she must be another's bride—
 The day was fixed—all things prepared,
 To adorn the wedding fireside.

And now the marriage feast was laid,
 Midst guests assembled from afar,
 Who, having to MANITTO* prayed,
 Salute the beauteous bridal-star.

* The MANITTO is a sort of idol, representing, in wood, the head of a man in miniature, which they always carry about them, either on

The eve was fine—no breath to shake
 The verdant leaves that o'er them hung—
 And far across the glassy lake,
 The moon a path of light had flung—

 And all around, the twinkling glow
 Of fire-flies, that sported near,
 Illum'd the scene, above, below,
 As if the evening's joys to cheer.

Eye beamed on eye, while every Chief,
 Midst laughing looks, soft pleasures trace—

a string round their neck, or in a bag. They hang it also about their children, to preserve them from illness, and to ensure to them success.
 —**LOSKIEL.**

MACKENZIE, in his voyages from Montreal, through the Continent of North America, to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans, says, that each Indian carries with him, in his medicine bag, a kind of household god, which is a small carved image, about eight inches long. Its first covering is of down, over which a piece of birch bark is closely tied, and the whole is enveloped in several folds of red and blue cloth. This little figure is an object of the most pious regard.

But in *one* heart there lay a grief,
Which soon must find a resting place.

Yes—TA-POO-KA, the trembling bride,
Felt pangs too sadly keen to last—
Deep pangs, that with life's flowing tide,
Were to the inmost feeling cast.

She had resolved—the vow once made,
And sanctioned by a stainless heart,
Could never, never be betrayed,
Till from her bosom life depart ;—

An aged Chief she could not wed,
And break the pledge already given—
Ah no ! she'd rather seek the dead,
And risk the mercy sent by heaven.

With thoughts like these upon her mind,
She from her father's cabin stole—

When festive pleasures, unconfined,
Filled high with rapture every soul.

And to a cliff, that far extends
Its frowning horrors o'er the lake,
Her trembling step she onward bends,
Nor seemed one minute's pause to make.

Then, from the gloomy brink above—
Where nought a female foot could urge,
Save the keen power of maddening love—
She plunged within the foaming surge !

There, ever since, the spirit-bride,
When night-shades round are closing dim,
In her canoe, is seen to glide,
Across the curling water's brim.

The Huron paused—and I could trace
In every line that marked his face,

Feelings he wished not to impart—

Yet, now and then, saddest throbs would spring,
From the pained recess of the heart,

The herald of his deep sorrowing—
Like the tear that brings relief,
The mute interpreter of grief.

Long, long upon the holy man,
My eyes with admiration ran,
Till every feeling stronger grew,

That to his forest-home had bound me,
And even at the moment drew,

Such scenes of bliss enchanting round me,
That Europe's pomp I'd quick resign,
To dwell within his groves of pine.

With such a man, poor GOLDSMITH might have stood,
To see "the luxury of doing good"—
And here, where nature's child delights to stray,
Might gladly pass the lengthen'd summer day,

Where, undisturbed, the Indian finds repose,
Midst arbours scented by the blushing rose.

Oh ! what a spot, to make one minute's pause,
And feel the transport contemplation draws,
While every prospect rising to the view,
Half tells the joys our happier fathers knew,
Before the plans of art had come between,
And made of beauty's shades a barren scene.

Oh, happy home ! where nought but nature's plan
Is felt, and practised, by contented man ;
No shifting system here we ever trace,
But all things have their own, their proper place.
No half-taught Noble, from the Charter-school,
Whose wealth, and vanity, are sure to rule,
Can here disturb that peace, that tranquil good, ,
Which cheers the freeman of the bount'ous wood.

Here, from the silence sorrow brought,
Deep wrapped in melancholy thought,
Like the gloom of saddening pain—

The Huron Chief, with deepest feeling,
Thus touched the pliant chords again,
Of conversation—gently stealing
O'er a heart, long unknown to ease—
In words which much resemble these.

Friend—since we've past this summer day
In mutual converse here alone,
Till now the sun's last parting ray
Is faintly o'er the waters thrown—

I fondly ask, that you would share
The Indian wigwam for the night—
Nor think that danger lodges there,
Or aught that could the heart affright.

Ah no !—the Huron has a soul
Untainted by the coward's deed—
And bravery beyond control,
When summoned forth in time of need.

Then come—we'll now our path pursue
 By yon dark grove of lofty pine,
 Where oft the wild deer rambles through,
 Or loves in silence to recline.

The moon now gleaming o'er the trees,
 Will be the evening's modest guide—
 And still the rustling of the leaves
 Will cheer us to the cabin side.

Such nobleness of word and thought,
 So highly every feeling wrought,
 That here I could not *once* refuse,*
 The friendship of his invitation—
 Or even shyness seem to use,
 When thus, the hero of a nation,

* It is the custom of an Indian never to repeat a request if once rejected. They believe that those to whom they offer any mark of friendship, and who give a reason for refusing it, do so in perfect sincerity, and that it would be rudeness to require them to alter their determination, or break their word.—BUCHANAN'S SKETCHES.

Had kindly asked that I might share
The bounties of his cabin, rare.

Then, on our winding path we bend,
Where elm, and oak, their shades extend—
And all the beauties of the way,

Like fairy visions placed around us,
Almost allured the heart to stay,
Where nature's lovely charms half bound us,
In scented groves of sweet delight,
Now hallowed by the moon's pale light.

Oh ! here, I said, where heaven bestows,
On every plant and shrub that grows,
The fragrance of a spicy clime—

How blest to share the raptures in it,
Until the fleeting glass of time

Had number'd up life's closing minute,
And I might turn, to take one view
Of earth's last joys—then breathe adieu !

While thus my fancy loved to trace,
 The charms of this romantic place,
 A sudden light burst on the view,
 The sweetest joys of home unfolding,
 As near, and nearer, still we drew,
 Heaven's purest transports there beholding,
 Where all around the bright fire gay,
 The children of the forest play.

All, all the Huron Chief address,
 With smiles and words of tenderness,
 And in each heart there seem'd to run,
 The generous glow of kindred feeling,
 Mingled with soft mirth and fun,
 When thus, a melody came stealing,
 So soft, so sweet, so purely clear,
 An angel might have paused to hear.

Hail, hail to the Chieftain that stands now before us,
 The greatest, the bravest the Huron can boast—

Yet mild as the moon-beam now gently thrown o'er us,
 And pure as the spirits that brighten our coast.

Our hearts beat with rapture, when here we behold him,
 And love's fondest impulse tells how he's caress'd,
 While the youths from our wigwams rush out to enfold him,
 And clasp, with affection, the Chief to their breast.

'Tis SKENANDOW's name we still love to awaken,
 And give to the light air that fans our wild groves,
 When by it each young leaf is tenderly shaken,
 As onward, through shades of green elm, it roves.

But now, round the fire that brilliantly sparkles,
 We'll join the light dance with hearts happy and gay,
 Where the young eye of love still occasion'ly darkles,
 Beneath the long lashes that shadows its ray.

Then here, in this bower kind heaven has granted,
 Where rose-buds, and violets, perfume the blest night,

And the Chief of the Hurons the *Peace-tree** has planted,
 We'll spend this sweet hour of happy delight.

Oh ! what a beauteous, charming scene,
 On that pure, downy, tufted green,
 To see the children of the grove,
 With hearts that felt no touch but pleasure,
 Thus linked in social, tender love,
 Where flowing joys seemed without measure,
 Beneath a verdant maple shade,
 Which Nature's God alone had made.

And never did the orb of night,
 Fling forth her modest beams of light,
 On such a prospect of sweet bliss,
 As laughing here she might discover,
 In one short hour, so dear as this—
 Much like the time some youthful lover

* The Five Nations always express peace by the metaphor of a tree.—COLDON.

Steals out to meet his wished-for bride,
Close by some shady garden side.

E'en here Ulysses might have strayed,
When first he wooed his mountain-maid,
And half his native home forgot,
Seduced by love's enchanting power—
To fancy this delightful spot,
As charming as Calypso's bower,
Where two kind hearts might rapture share,
As happy as an Eden pair.

And I would tell the polished man,
Brought up in Europe's fashioned plan,
That never could his formal art,
Or all that school-taught lore has given,
Such graceful happiness impart,
As cheers the Indian's forest heaven—
Who gives, or asks, with greatest ease,
Whate'er his heart or soul can please.

The Huron Chief now gently takes
 The *Horn*, which thrilling rapture wakes,
 And gives the signal for the dance—

When youth, with youth, feeling joy's excess,
 Moves in some eye's bewitching glance,
 With all the sweet charms of playfulness,
 Light as the musk-roe, when it treads
 Upon the violet-sprinkled beds.

Here, as I gazed upon the throng,
 And caught each mingling breath of song,
 My heart almost began to feel

A glow—like love's too sure emotion—
 Directly to its center steal,

And wake a thrill of soft devotion—
 Yet, who will blame me when I tell,
 I loved KEMANA over well!

Nor could I view such eyes of jet,
 And easily their power forget—

Such power, as into sweetest love,
 Can warm the heart's intensest feeling,
 While breathings, soft as from a dove,
 Come o'er the ear enraptured stealing,
 Giving life its happiest tone,
 While worshipping her eyes alone.*

Now, on this velvet-cushioned spot,
 Where all my woes seem quite forgot—
 And God has given an ample share—
 With KEMANA I'd dwell forever,
 Nor backward turn one thought of care,
 Till death itself the tie should sever—
 The tie that bound me to this bower,
 Where life has passed its happiest hour.

* HORACE, in speaking of his beloved LICYMNIA, in an Ode addressed to his friend MECÆNAS, says :

*Musa me voluit dicere lucidum
 Fulgentes oculos, et bene mutuis
 Fidum pectus amoribus.*

Oh ! never since my boy-hood's days,
 When o'er SLIEVEGALLIN's mantled braes,
 Ere thought, or reason, took command,
 I strayed with heart as light as feather,
 Or raised my rude, unguarded hand,
 To slay the bee lodged in the heather—
 Have joys so stainless touched my heart,
 As those which now their bliss impart.

Yet, be our transports e'er so sweet,
 Another hour we're apt to meet,
 Which disapproves the *one* gone by,
 And stands the Sage to show its errors—
 Thus man moves on through destiny,
 With wiser acts—all free from terrors—
 Till every moment of the past,
 Seems fool, or madman, to the *last*.

For me, I hate all whining cant,
 And, doubly so, the Churchman's rant,

If even sent from sides of iron,

By hill, by dale, by grot, or fountain,

Against the great, immortal BYRON !

In all the poising of a M***T**N, *

Who nothing loves, but what's his own,

Or some *thing* else that wears a gown.

But I have wandered here too far—

Yet, who the Muse's flight can mar,

Or even stop her in her way ?

When once her wing is full extended,

No human art her power can stay,

Till she her destined course has ended,

Then lights again, all fair and mild,

MNEMOSYNE's† enchanting child.

From this last theme I find relief,

To turn and view the Huron Chief,

* *Vide*, the address to the REV. POLYPHEMUS, towards the end of this volume.

† A Perian Nymph, who brought forth the nine Muses to Jupiter.

Where, like some noble lord of man,
In all the dignity of feeling,
He stands, surrounded by his clan ;
In every look and act revealing,
The fondness of parental care,
Which all around him freely share.

Here now the fire's flaming light,
Seemed mingling with the stars of night,
Till every leaf, and plant, and flower,
In burnished beauty smiled around us,
Illumining the happy bower,
Where love enchanting fondly bound us,
Midst a glow of heavenly bliss,
Which few on earth have shared, like this.

Oh ! what a circle now appears,
Where smiling joy each moment cheers,
Giving to love so sweet a tone,
As makes the heart forget its sorrows,

To gaze on jetty eyes alone,
 With every thrill that pleasure borrows,
 From looks that wear so chaste a hue,
 When half the soul seems shining through.

And how the mind delights to trace
 The beauties of a lovely face,*
 Where only nature's hand had wrought,
 The softest charms—by art unaided—
 And into pure perfection brought
 Each tint—which glossy locks had shaded,
 On a brow of pleasing dye,
 As smiled beneath a sunny sky.

Yes—on KEMANA I could gaze,
 And ever love to sing her praise,

* MACKENZIE, in speaking of some of the Indian women whom he met with in his travels through Canada, says :—" Their figure is generally well proportioned, and the regularity of their features would be acknowledged by the more civilized people of Europe."

Till life's warm stream should cease to flow,
Or my loved harp's last chord be broken,
And ruin o'er its frame should throw
The shade, which brings a silent token,
That harp, and bard, and all had fled,
To moulder with the lonely dead.

Thus, thus my fancy led me o'er
New joys, unfelt—unseen before—
Till every bliss that seemed unfurled,
Proclaimed the Indian's richest treasure—
Pure emblems of another world—
And I had paused, to hear with pleasure,
The Huron Chief thus speak again,
In friendship's softest, kindest strain.

There is to me a transport given,
While here I view my children all,
Beneath a starry sprinkled heaven,
Enjoying pleasure's festival.

And still I hope my days shall run,
 Thus marked with friendship's softest hue,
 Until my life's last setting sun
 Shall throw its parting beams on you.

And when beside yon cedar grove,
 I'm left in silence calm to sleep,
 The Indian there at times may rove,
 Or make a pause, perchance to weep.

Yes—he may weep, and backward throw
 One thought upon this brilliant night ;
 And breathe the name of SKENANDOW—
 Who loved the Huron with delight.

Now, as the oak upon the hill,
 Whose aged branches feel decay,
 The streams of life begin to chill,
 And all my vigour wastes away.

The season's gone, when I could trace
 The foot-steps of the bounding roe,
 Till, in the long directed chase,
 I raised the never-erring bow ;—

But my worn heart no more can bear
 The toils that once were rendered sweet ;
 Ah no !—Time's hand lies heavy there,
 And ruin seems almost complete.

Oft, in my boy-hood's cheerful hour,
 Through these green woods I've loved to stray,
 And chase the bee from leaf to flower,
 Or with the little Chipmunk* play.

* This is the name generally given to the *Otchi-ta-mou*, or small striped squirrel—which is very commonly met with in America. They are very pretty little creatures ; and have frequently startled me by their sudden chirp, as they darted among the withered leaves at my feet, when perhaps in the act of raising my gun, to fire at a partridge, perched on the lofty branch of some neighbouring elm.

Yes—I have felt my days glide by,
 Without one touch of earthly care,
 To damp the glow of ecstasy,
 Which youthful hearts alone can share.

But all such joys have passed away,
 Just like soft music's thrilling tone,
 When every look, and heart, was gay,
 And soul, with soul, seemed linked in one.

Yet, with this remnant* of my tribe,
 My life shall gladly meet its close—

* LORD KAIMES observes, that it is computed by able writers, that the present inhabitants (Aboriginies) of America, amount not to a twentieth part of those who existed when that continent was discovered by Columbus. This decay is ascribed to the intemperate use of *spirits*, and to the *small-pox*—both of them introduced by the Europeans. He seems to have forgotten—adds another writer—that they are indebted to *us* also for the intemperate use of the *sword*, and the dreadful *bigotry* and *cruelties* practised by the religious and avaricious Spaniards. BARTHOLOMEW CASA affirms, that the Spaniards, in America, destroyed, in about forty-five years, *ten millions* of human souls—and this with a view of converting those unfortunate men to Christ-

And on that spot—which I prescribe—

There let my sorrows find repose !

Thus spoke the very aged Sire,

To all assembled round the fire—

Which threw its flame across the heaven,

In all the brilliancy of beauty,

Like a burnished cloud at even,

Illumining man's path to duty,

When he hears upon the air,

The vesper-bell invite to prayer.

ianity. He also tells us, that the Indians were hanged *thirteen in a row*, in honour of the *thirteen Apostles* ! and that their *infants* were given to be devoured by dogs.—There is a story recorded of an Indian, who, being tied to the stake, a Franciscan Friar persuaded him to turn Christian, and then he would go to heaven. The Indian asked him, ‘ Whether there were any Spaniards in heaven ? ’ ‘ Certainly,’ answered the Friar, ‘ it is full of them.’ Then, the last words of the dying Indian were, ‘ I had rather go to hell than have any more of their company ! ’—CORSINI assures us, that they destroyed above *fifteen millions* of these unhappy men in less than fifty years.

Oh ! what a hallowed, charming hour,
In nature's sweet, romantic bower,
To see the Indian lift his eyes,
 With purest feelings of devotion,
To his own unclouded skies,
 Until the heart's deep felt emotion,
From his lips, in strains of love,
Is to the Spirit sent above.

And I have thought this spot to be
A type of that pure sanctu'ry,
Where, first repenting, man had trod,
 When by some holy angel guided,
To talk in prayer alone with God—
 And, having in his love confided,
Felt the balm of sweet relief,
When rescued from his load of grief.

It was a pure, a holy sight,
In the lone silence of the night,

To see devotion's fervent soul,*
 By Nature's God alone directed,
 Beyond the pressure of control,
 Pursue a path not once neglected,
 To a sunny sphere of bliss,
 Possessing joys unknown in this,

Here, as I pictured every good,
 That seemed to cheer the bount'ous wood,
 The happy *Tribes* retired to rest,
 On cedar boughs, and skins of beaver,
 Soft as the down that clothes the breast
 Of infant swan, or snow-bird ever—

* They generally make feasts and sacrifices, and the scene of these ceremonies is in an open inclosure on the bank of a river or lake, and in the most conspicuous situation, in order that such as are passing along, or travelling, may be induced to make their offerings. There is, also, a particular custom among them, that, on these occasions, if any of the tribe, or even a stranger, should be passing by, and be in real want of any thing that is displayed as an offering, he has a right to take it, so that he replaces it with some article he can spare, though it be of far inferior value.—MACKENZIE'S JOURNALS.

And thus, my life's first happy day,
'Midst scenes the purest, moved away.

Soon as the morning's cheerful light
Had thrown aside the veil of night—
And having breathed my parting prayer,
To Chief—to youth—and all around me—
But most to one that lingered there—
To one, that by love's magic bound me—
Along the Lake's smooth, shelving side,
I wandered with my chosen guide.

And as I marked each brilliant scene
That bloomed in summer's youthful green,
ALKWANWAUGH gently told the tale
Of days, that live but in tradition—
And all the joys that cheered the vale,
Where dwells the remnant of the Nation—
That remnant loving still to trace
The glories of the Huron race.

From ATsISTARI,* known afar,

By all his noble deeds of war—

He well recounted every name

On mem'ry's page—stamped in succession,

Bright as the beams of lasting fame—

Nor seemed to make one short digression—

Through every scene of varied strife,

Until this very date of life.

* ATsISTARI.—This distinguished warrior, who flourished in 1676, is still spoken of, by the Chieftains of the present day, as one of the greatest heroes that ever lived among the Hurons. In all my inquiries respecting this noble Indian, I received the most honourable, and most interesting accounts, and particularly from OUI-A-RA-LIH-TO, the oldest Chief of the village of Lorette.—This venerable patriarch, who is now approaching the precincts of a century, is the grandson of TSA-A-RA-LIH-TO, head Chief of the Hurons during the war of 1759. OUI-A-RA-LIH-TO, with about thirty-five warriors of the Indian Village of Lorette, in conjunction with the IROQUOIS and ALGONQUINS, was actively engaged in the army of Borgoyne, a name unworthy to be associated with the noble spirit of Indian heroism.—During my visit to this old Chief—May, 1829—he willingly furnished me with an account of the distinguished warriors, and the traditions of different tribes, which are still fresh in his memory, and are handed from father to son, with the same precision, interest, and admiration, that the Tales and exploits of Ossian and his heroes are circulated in their original purity, to this day, among the Irish.

From Tribe to Tribe—from Chief to Chief—

In all the pride of manly grief,

His soul of feeling led him on,

To tell the Indian's wrongs and sorrows—

But most of LOGAN, lately gone—

With throbs as deep as sadness borrows,

When first the sympathising heart

Its burst of anguish would impart.

And never has attention hung,

Upon the accents of a tongue,

With truer, fonder, purer zeal,

Than when I heard the Mingo's story,

Which ALKWANWAUGH loved to reveal—

Recorder of the Hero's glory—

In words, as perfect as before,

Like these, addressed to Lord Dunmore.

Let any white man now declare,

Whom fate impelled to wander here,

If LOGAN e'er refused to share

His cabin and its humble cheer.

Or when the chilling blasts of wind,

And hunger forcibly assailed,

His wearied heart—did he not find

That LOGAN's care o'er all prevailed?

And when destructive war's fell rage—

In many battles, lost and gained,

Regardless still of youth or age,

Its bloody conflict still maintained.

Such was the love I bore the whites,

I stood the advocate of peace,

And yielded more than half my rights,

While striving others to release :

Till every Indian, as he pass'd,

His home and country to defend,

On me his eyes indignant cast—

Said, “LOGAN is the white man’s friend !”

But still, regardless of the blame

My Country’s heroes threw on me,

I ever hoped to check the flame,

And with my counsels set them free.

But Perfidy, that foulest stain—

Which to the whites its gifts impart—*

For every good inflicted pain,

And roused the fury of my heart.

Then, then, the battle-axe I drew,

And with an arm long skilled in war,

* There is no faith to be placed in the words of the white men. They are not like the Indians, who are only enemies while at war, and are friends in peace. They will say to an Indian, ‘My friend—my brother.’ They will take him by the hand, and at the same moment destroy him.—*Speech of a great Delaware Chief.*

Such was the tale—and such the man,
 Designed to show that noble plan,
 Which Nature formed for one and all,
 When Freedom—first her gifts bestowing—
 Had summoned at her magic call
 Proud hearts, with noble ardour glowing,
 To worship at her holy shrine,
 And share the cup of bliss divine.

When thus imagination strays
 To gather joy from other days,
 The real sorrows of our own
 Seem mantled with some bright illusion,
 Until the spell aside is thrown,
 And we can view the dark confusion
 Of gloomy images, that pass
 Before life's party coloured glass.

Still, if one pleasure earth bestows,
 To make the heart forget its woes,

And steal it from itself away—

This lovely wood must be the dwelling,
Of all that pleasure can pourtray,
Where beauty—beauty seems excelling,
In summer's sweet enchanting smile,
Around the spirit-guarded Isle.*

Here, while the captive eye surveyed
The mingled grandeur, far displayed
On every side—like Eastern bowers,
Where some young *Hinda* oft reposes—
Or strays alone, in sunny hours,
'Mong arbours blushing with sweet roses—
A hunter, in his birch canoe,
Sailed o'er the dimpling wave of blue.

* MANITOULIN.—This name implies the residence of **MANITOES**, or genii, a distinction very commonly attributed to the Islands.—**HENRY'S TRAVELS.**

And, as a swallow cleaves the air,
 His bark ran swiftly through *Saint Clair*,
 Nor seemed to feel the current's force,
 In which the pliant paddle bended,
 But onward kept its steady course,
 To where the Lake's wide wave extended—
 Yet, now so tranquilly at rest,
 Life's bark might slumber on its breast.

All looked so like the scenes and groves,
 Through which the dreaming spirit roves,
 That my wrecked heart forgot the pain
 A *Mountain Demon* flung before it—
 While thus, the hunter's mellowed strain,
 With soft'ning influence came o'er it,
 Like breathings of some magic song,
 As slow he steered his boat along.

SONG.

Far o'er the lake's extended brim,
 I see the light that guides me home—

And now my bark doth lightly skim
 The waters, onward to my dome.

And oh ! 'tis sweet at day's decline,
 When wearied with the lengthened chase,
 To see yon distant lights now shine,
 And guide me to that favourite place—

Where COOSEA, mild as the dove,
 Oft cheered my heart at close of day,
 And sung unmeasured strains of love—
 Such strains as stole my heart away.

Bright as our Council-fire there gleamed,
 Diffusing joy through shades of night,
 Her sparkling eyes with lustre beamed,
 And cheered the heart with soft delight.

For COOSEA, had charms alone,
 That could subdue the warrior Chief,

And with each sweet, untutored tone,
Bring to the wearied heart relief.

Yes, lovely as ALKWANWAUGH's bride*—
More soft than down of infant beaver—
Thy touch could raise a thrilling tide,
Of love, the purest—sweetest ever.

The swan that skims our native lakes,
Is not so graceful in its air—
The bird† that haunts our silent brakes,
Is not so jetty as that hair.

That hair which falls in artless grace,
Concealing half those smiles of thine,

* The unfortunate TA-POO-KA, to whom the Indians compared every thing that was beautiful.—She was the idol of the Nation—every young heart worshipped her.

† This seems to be a species of the black-bird, so generally known in the British Islands—it is somewhat smaller, but of a much darker colour. These birds are very numerous in Canada, and lodge chiefly about the different fens and marshes of the country.

In which each wond'ring youth may trace,
 A soul that purely is divine.

Oh, COOSEA ! I hail the shore,
 And shady bank, where oft I've stood,
 My love-song in thine ear to pour,
 Thou sweetest daughter of the wood.

Thanks to the Indian's God who brings
 KEKAPOO to his home again,
 Where undisturbed he freely sings,
 With COOSEA to join the strain.

Then, Spirit of the great and free,
 Protect us from the white man's laws —
 We only bow, and bend to thee,
 Of Good, the Author and the Cause.

Day after day with rapture flew,
 Unfolding ever something new—

Where'er we looked—where'er we strayed—

By rugged cliffs—by groves, or waters—

Such varied grandeur seemed displayed

As Nature with profusion scatters—

And every tint, and every dye,

Smiled 'neath a lovely, glowing sky.

When we had viewed the winding Lake,

To *Erie** then our course we take,

Well fitted with a birch canoe,

So neat, so light, you'd scarce discover

The motion, as it onward flew,

The shooting rapids swiftly over—

While the trees, on either shore,

The other way seemed hurried more.

Now, o'er a clear—a placid stream—

Half burnished by the sun's last beam,

* Lake Erie.

Which through the lofty pines was thrown—

Our little bark went proudly gliding,
As mistress of the wave alone,
Where we in safety now were riding,
'Midst scenes majestic, and as grand
As e'er were shaped by Nature's hand.

We next approached a lovely bay,
Which in the woods half folded lay,
Without one motion on its breast—

And seemed most cheerfully inviting,
As if to lull our bark to rest,
And make each prospect more delighting—
While on its brim we cast an eye,
To trace each figure of the sky.*

* So pellucid are the waters of the great *Lakes* in CANADA, that, in a calm evening, when the sun is shining, the broken clouds, as they float in air, and the branches of the giant pine, half nodding over the mighty deep, are beautifully reflected.—The ST. LAWRENCE—called by the Hurons, LADAUANNA—which flows from these great reservoirs, partakes all the transparency of its origin, till it meets, at the Cascades, the expanded waters of the OTTAWA. The junction of these

Where'er we looked—where'er we

By rugged cliffs—by groves

Such varied grandeur seem

As Nature with prof

And every tint, and

Smiled 'neath a

in the silent dignity of
side, in the broad valley of
When we becomes magnificent—for the proud
the impudent BUCHANAN* would sell for a bag
To Er' maintains its purity, nor seems willing to receive
We' waters of its dark but noble rival, until running a dis-
tance of more than twenty-seven miles, and distinctly passing Mon-
roville—where their reconciled spirits more closely meet, and become
mutually blended.—The lovely Bays, formed among the thousand is-
lands in the ST. LAWRENCE, between KINGSTON and BROCKVILLE,
and even as far as CORNWALL, afford the most delightful scenery and
fishing places.—Often have I remained in several of these Bays, for
hours, leaning over the side of a birch canoe, watching the numerous
hordes of large fish sporting, at not less than twenty feet below the
surface, until the appearance of some overgrown monster, as ruler of
the great abyss over which I was then suspended, reminded me of the
delicate texture of my vessel, and that, even with one flap of his tail,
I might become an unwilling partaker of the element I was so much
admiring.

* MR. BUCHANAN is now British Consul at New York. It is a great
pity he was not appointed one of the Commissioners for settling the bound-
ary line; and then the Americans might have got all the ST. LAWRENCE
to themselves. We have already experienced the effects of such wisdom as
MR. BUCHANAN'S. He had better commence brewing, on a stream sepa-
rate from the majestic ST. LAWRENCE.

and touched the lyre.

in such a place—in such an hour—

It looked as if enchanting power,

With Syren spells to lure away

The heart to some unthought of danger,

And make but an ignoble prey

Of one, to evils not a stranger—

Of one, who seldom tasted bliss—

Then, if deceit—none sweet as this!

But soon we found the pleasing tone

Was breathed by one that sat alone,

* The women sung—and the sweetness of their voices exceeded whatever I had heard before.—HENRY'S TRAVELS.

Upon a little hillock's side,
 With cedar branches spreading o'er her,
 As if her slender form to hide,
 Where shrubs and flowers bloomed before her—
 Forming a most delightful spot,
 For one, whom all but *one* forgot.

So lightly did our birch canoe*
 Steal o'er the bay of liquid blue,
 That easily was heard the song,
 That touched the very soul of feeling,
 As on the breeze it sighed along,
 And softly to the heart appealing,
 In words I never can forget,
 So sweet, their tones seem breathing yet.

* The canoes of the Indians are remarkably light, and glide over the wave with as much ease as a sea-bird. They are made of birch bark, and of different sizes—carrying from two to eight or ten persons, together with their bedding, (which generally consists of buffalo, deer and bear skins) and all their hunting and fishing materials.—An European is somewhat surprised to see one of those vessels transported, from stream to stream, over hills, and through the forest, on the shoulder of an Indian—thus alternately carrying and being carried, as it best suits his convenience.

SONG.

Here now, beneath this lonely shade,

Far, far from home, I sit reposing,

And listen to the wild cascade,

While evening's curtain round is closing,

And every bird, with spirit gay,

Sings, sweetly sings its vesper lay.

Yet, oh ! how happy here to dwell,

With my young Chief—my Indian lover—

And all this bosom's feeling tell,

Of sorrows past, and dangers over,

Until the heart again would feel

New dreams of rapture o'er it steal.

While now the sporting fire-flies play,

Where from yon rock the streamlet gushes,

Or frolic o'er the azure bay,

Or pause among the bending rushes—

To me their joys awake again
 All that of pleasure can remain.

The little frog* perched on the tree,
 As if to tell of pleasant weather,
 Sings its wild song in ecstasy,
 Till, meeting in concert together,

* The *Rana Arboria*, or tree frog, called by the Indians *Athciky*, has certainly a most curious appearance, and particularly by the small music bag, which becomes extended under its neck, when in the act of singing. To a stranger, when travelling through the lonely forests of America, and especially in the twilight, the thrilling voice of these little creatures awakens very unusual sensations.—The first I ever heard was on the bank of the River Moira, near Bellville, in Upper Canada; and being anxious to know the author of such singular music, I went in search, and after some difficulty, arising from the cunning of the little creature—for it became silent on my approach—I found it perched close on the branch of a plum tree. Discovering, by its conduct, that it was no way solicitous about my visit, I instantly withdrew, and having concealed myself for a few minutes behind a large pine, it cheerfully resumed its accustomed song. Desirous, however, of proving its shyness, I returned quietly to the plum tree, when, as before, it immediately became hushed, placing itself as flat as possible on the branch. Several of the country people, with whom I conversed respecting it, told me, that, Camelion-like, it assumes the colour of the place it rests—and generally, mounts the trees in search of insects. As it regards the one which I examined, its colour corresponded so exactly with the bark of the plum tree, that it required minute search to discover the residence of the little minstrel.

The bull-toad, from the swamp remote,
Sends forth a louder—harsher note.

But here upon the evening air—

The verdure of the forest shaking—
I'll breathe affection's fervent prayer,
The soul's best sympathies awaking,
With hopes that my young hero Chief
May never feel the pain of grief.

Soon as we heard the closing sound,
And gently gained the rising ground,
We slow advanced, to steal a view

Of one, whose voice had rapture in it,
And then, the waving branches through,

We cast a look each anxious minute—
And oh ! what joy does heaven confer—
'Twas TA-POO-KA—the loved—sat there !

And he—the brave, the Chieftain guide,

Who stood confounded by my side—

Was that young *Sioux* who had strayed

On Huron's banks, his love-dirge singing,

When SKENANDOW and I delayed,

To hear him from his bosom bringing

A mingled tide of woe and song,

Unheeding as he moved along.

A look—a pause—and then a start,

Quick as the impulse of the heart,

With all the frenzy of surprise,

In her fond arms soon found him folded,

While from their dark, their flowing eyes,

Their mutual tears in one seemed moulded,

And heaving throbs responsive move,

In all the luxury of love.

When joy's first burst was partly o'er,

And former fears could spring no more,

Then, to a path—not distant far—
 Lapped round a lovely mountain's border,
 O'er which the beauteous evening star,
 As if by heaven's special order,
 Had just now thrown its modest ray,
 To light our onward, shady way.

At length, we reached her cabin-home,
 Close by a little river's foam,
 Whose banks were covered, here and there,
 With many wigwams, neatly lighted,
 And every flame now flung in air,
 From blazing pine-knots, all delighted—
 While fishing* torches distant gleam,
 And move like meteors o'er the stream.

* Perhaps it may be well to observe, that the nets and fishing-lines of the Indians, are made of willow bark and nettles; those made of the latter are finer and smoother than if made with hempen thread. Their hooks are made of small bones, fixed in pieces of wood, split for that purpose, and tied round with the small roots of the spruce tree, which they call WATTAP, and which they also use for sewing their bark canoes.

In every look, there seemed to be
 The winning smile of pleasantry,
 Until they heard the saddened tale,
 Which TA-POO-KA, with tears, related
 There to the matron of the vale,
 And all who with her round were seated,
 On skins of softest down, that grows,
 Where some young seraph might repose.

Five summer suns had passed away,
 Since that, almost destructive, day,
 When, rather than the youth forsake,
 To whom her every feeling bound her,
 She plunged in Huron's swelling lake—
 Where three kind *Chippawas* first found her,
 Whom chance alone had brought to save,
 And snatch her from a liquid grave.

The story of her grief was such,
 As ever must the heart-strings touch,

While sympathy can linger there—

Or man can claim a noble feeling,

To dignify his soul, and share

The woes which others seem revealing—

Such woes, as wrecked a heart as fine

As on the western sun could shine.

Like some lone flower upon a rock,

Which lately felt the light'ning's shock,

And faintly lifts its head unseen,

Or on the blast its leaves now throwing,

Conveyed where happier mates, in green,

Are all in richest beauty glowing—

Her faded form so blighted seemed,

Where eyes of loveliest girls* beamed.

* The CHIPPAWAS are a handsome, well-made people. The women have agreeable features, and take great pains in dressing their hair—which consists in neatly dividing it on the forehead, and in painting and turning it up behind.—HENRY'S TRAVELS.

In this neat cabin of the Chief,
 Whose wife and daughters gave relief,
 She quietly remained till now—

Nor seldom ever further taking
 Her footsteps, than that mountain's brow,
 Her evening visits lonely making,
 Because it looked so like the same,
 On Huron's banks from whence she came.

Each circumstance—of time and place—
 For one short month we loved to trace,
 And from the SACHEMS* gather all

Their deeds of war, and feats of glory,
 Till we had heard their rise and fall—

Which must unfold a saddened story,
 To a wiser—happier age—

Traced on some future poet's page.

* These are the *Magii*, or wise men of the Indians—and generally decide all their councils.

Thus were we pleasingly detained,
 While beauteous TA-POO-KA regained
 Her wonted charms, till day, by day,

She seemed a more engaging creature,
 And one, that well might lure away

The feeling heart—while every feature,
 Tinged with a soft, a brownish hue,
 The spirit pure shone lovely through.

The sculptor's polished chisel yet

A finer model never set—

Nor has the connoisseur surveyed

Correcter lines, on eastern beauties,
 Than, unadorned, are here displayed,

In all the light of *native* duties—
 Where eyes beam forth—like evening's star—
 Than night's dark essence darker far.

The scene—the place—the happy hour—
 Reminded much of MILTON's bower :

Where first the parent of mankind
 Conducted Eve—with beauty blushing,
 And feelings pure, and unconfined,
 As yon pellucid stream, now gushing
 From the lovely arbour's side,
 Clear as was then Euphrates' tide.

And here is seen the caraboo,
 The elk, and wild deer, roving through
 The silent forest's deep'ning shade—

Nor distant is the swan—renewing
 Pride, which for herself was made—

Now, in the liquid mirror viewing
 A graceful form—much whiter still
 Than snow flakes on the Alpine hill.

While others feel the magic hand
 Of love, their every thought command—
 My 'raptured soul delights to trace,
 The charms which beauty round discloses,

Throughout this sweet, romantic place,

To where the lily calm reposes,

Now on its half reclining stem,

Supporting Nature's purest gem.

And how the eye delights to see,

The humming-bird,* from tree to tree,

So nimbly flit, till it can find

Some blushing rose, with nectar in it,

Where, on a wing more fleet than wind,

It banquets for a little minute,

* This is one of the prettiest little creatures among the feathered tribe. There are many species of them ; but the smallest seems no larger than the wild black bee, which it imitates in feeding on the purest flowers. The richest fancy of the most luxuriant painter could never invent any thing to be compared to the beautiful tints with which this little miniature insect bird is arrayed. The wings are a deep green, and throw a variety of shades. The fine downy feathers on its head are embellished with the purest yellow, the most perfect azure, and dazzling red. When feeding, it appears immoveable, though continually on the wing, having its long fine bill dipped into the heart of the most delicate rose without the slightest injury, while its eyes appear like little diamonds sparkling in the morning sunbeam. It is very restless, and seldom perches for more than a few seconds at a time.

Then quickly off it darting goes,
To seek elsewhere another rose.

And oh ! how charming is the bliss—
So seldom felt—so pure as this,
Where in the forest's bosom far,
From Europe's crimes, and Europe's errors,
Beneath the glowing western star,
The Indian dwells secure from terrors—*
And by his streams, or by his lakes,
His path of independence takes.

Such were the joys here now displayed,
Where'er I turned, where'er I strayed,
Until imagination took

A full repast—and backward turning

* We and our kindred tribes—observe the Indians—lived in peace and harmony with each other, before the white people came into this country—our Council-house extended far to the north and far to the south. In the middle of it we would meet from all parts to smoke the pipe of peace together.

To TA-POO-KA, one cheering look,
 Where two dark eyes, in beauty burning,
 Reminded—in my airy flight—
 I'd been a stranger to their light.

To OU-KA-KEE, the good, the kind—
 A noble Chief of noble mind—
 ALKWANWAUGH now his story told,
 And of his bride, long since intended—
 And how five seasons past had rolled,
 Since she that frowning cliff ascended,
 At whose dark base she sought a grave,
 Deep in the bosom of the wave.

Keen sorrow touched the brave man's heart,
 To hear ALKWANWAUGH thus impart
 The tale of woe—which raises still,
 In manly hearts a fount of feeling,
 And, like some pure—some holy thrill,
 Comes o'er the soul, divinely stealing,

Until the very joy of grief,
Brings forth its own—its sweet relief.

ALKWANWAUGH was a Sioux famed—
In many battles honours claimed—
And closely by his mother's side,
To AT SISTARI was related—
That hero, long the hero's pride,
Than whom was never yet created,
A nobler Chieftain for the field—
A lion heart, unknown to yield.

When OU-KA-KEE—who shared this place,
And all the richness of the chase,
With TA-POO-KA—the well-beloved—
And ever valued as his daughter—
Had heard the tale—and deeply moved—
For to this spot himself had brought her—
He said, such hearts deserved his care,
And should his home and cabin share.

From hut to hut the tidings flew—

The marriage of the happy two—

The wished for day—the very hour

By every tongue was soon repeated—

And e'en the lovely maple bower,

Close by the hill—where last defeated,

The white man breathed his life away—

Would be the spot of pleasure gay.

From woods—from streams, they gathered all

The dainties for the festival,

Till gifts on gifts, brought from the chase,

Had fully stored the Chieftain's dwelling—

And in each look you well might trace

The tide of joy, so gayly swelling,

Where every youth had longed to see

Of spousal love the jubilee.

The day arrived—midst scenes as sweet

As e'er the heart or eye could meet—

And every rose that purely threw

Its richest fragrance on the morning,

There bore a lovelier—brighter hue,

Where violets seemed no less adorning

The blushing beauty of the grove,

Now made the peaceful home of love.

Such soft attraction seemed to run

In every blossom—where the sun

Had mildly thrown his gentle beam—

We to the mountain's summit wandered,

Close by a little dimpling stream,

That slowly to the vale meandered,

Where we a distant view might take

Of Erie's wide, extended lake.

Then down the sloping brow we strayed,

To where the bay close by displayed

A gentle rippling on its breast,

And seemed to yield a double pleasure,

To that, which on our hearts was pressed,
 When we had heard, in fairy measure,
 The sweetest tones, like magic glide,
 From her, the loved—the chosen bride.

While winding round the silent shore,
 To that lone spot, where once before
 We fondly went, to catch one view
 Of her, who, then unknown, was singing,
 And with her incantation drew
 The pliant heart—and nearer bringing—
 We saw, far o'er the water's brim,
 Another bark, as lightly skim.

It being now almost the hour,
 When we must to the wedding bower
 Direct our steps—where sure to meet
 Great Chieftains, who had been invited,
 With lovely girls—so lovely, sweet—
 As showed each heart was well delighted—

That longer here we could not stay—
But enter on our homeward way.

Yet, still we paused—to watch the sail,
So steady in the gentle gale,
Pursue its path, along the line,

That seemed the sky and water bounding,
Then near, and nearer still incline,

Where other prospects were surrounding—
And we could take a clearer view
Of those who steered the swift canoe.

A minute—and one minute more,
It touched the margin of the shore,
Close by the spot where we remained,

So fondly on its movements gazing—
And when the beach three heroes gained,

We heard them all its beauties praising,
Till, in an open space below,
We saw the noble SKENANDOW !

So unexpected was the sight,
 Our bosoms filling with delight,
 We hurried to the happy green,

And, with the heart's most fervent feeling,
 Repeated joys, now felt*—now seen—
 Until a tear came gently stealing,
 From TA-FOO-KA's dark, flowing eye,
 Precursor of a broken sigh.

It was the tear of pleasing grief,
 That flowed to bring the heart relief—
 And like the dewy mist that plays—
 As if a liquid mantle throwing—
 Before the sun's sweet cheering rays
 Yet leaves the beam more lovely glowing—

* I was thinking here of what HORACE so beautifully says in his Pindaric Ode, addressed to IULUS :—

*Nunc meæ, si quid loquar audiendum,
 Vocis accedet bona pars ; et ô Sol
 Pulcher, ô laudande, canam, recepto
 Cæsare Felix.*

So, when the darkling tear was o'er,
Her beauty shone redoubled more.

Of all the charms that pleasure throws
One moment o'er the gloom of woes,
There never yet came one so sweet
As that which now appears so splendid,
And brings the heart again to meet
What heaven alone for man intended,
Unfolding, in one day like this,
A happy age of purest bliss.

The worthy Chiefs, with noble pride,
Conducted by the lovely bride,
Now onward take their forest way,
To join the cheerful wedding party,
Where smiling Indian girls play,
And echo tells the laugh as hearty—
As if to please the happy throng,
Where merry pleasure sports along.

When SKENANDOW, and OU-KA-KEE,
 Had joined in conversation free—
 For they to each were proudly known,
 Long having stood in war together—
 And having many whites o'erthrown,
 By lakes, by woods—no matter whether—
 Around the noble warriors two,
 Each youthful heart attentive drew.*

Though I have witnessed fancied joys,
 And etiquette, which pleasure cloy—
 Before this real blissful hour,
 None ever had such transport in it
 As that which sanctifies this bower,
 Where I can see, in one short minute,
 A world of peace—a world of love—
 A type of all that dwells above.

* Nothing seems to afford the Indian so much pleasure as the relation of his noble exploits in war. The young men gather round the old warriors, and listen to their stories with all the delight of a proud enthusiasm.

The wedding over—and unseen

The holy rites*—and all between—

* The Indians are by no means willing to allow a white man the privilege of witnessing their marriage ceremonies—believing that such an act would not only be displeasing to the Great Spirit, but render the married couple very unfortunate and miserable through life. They adhere closely to all their old forms of devotion, and find themselves happier in their “wild nativity,” than under the hypocritical sophism of their *saddle-bag* inspired preachers.—“Why,” (observes the author of “Sketches among the Indians,”) “therefore, ought they to depart from the worship of their forefathers, and follow the religion called Christian? As under the name of that religion, and from those who professed it, had they experienced all their wrongs and sufferings, and had arrived at their present wasted condition! Surely, they should not embrace a faith that would tolerate such wickedness. What treaty had Christians kept with them? What just principles had they not violated? Had they not despoiled them of their lands, of their hunting grounds, of their lakes, and their mountains? Had they not slain their young and their old warriors? Had they not taught them to act worse than the beasts of the forest, by the use of spirituous liquors? Did they not give them rum, to cheat and deceive them—to take from them their fields and their skins? And had they not derived loathsome diseases, and other evils, from those professing Christianity.”—These remarks I have seen fully verified during eleven years residence in America. Nor do I hesitate to say, that, in proportion to the intimacy carried on between the white man and the Indian, so far does the latter seem to have seriously suffered in his morals, and in the total destruction of that noble and independent spirit which so honourably distinguished such Indian heroes as PONTIAC, CORN PLANT, LOGAN, ATSISTARI, O-MA-HA, TSA-WA-WAN-HI, SKENANDOW, RED JACKET, TECUMSEH, and countless others.

Because inferior is the name—

And I believe a just recorder—

Of Christian—honoured by his fame !

Who first for peace brought foul disorder,

And in Religion's pathway threw

Sectarian seeds, which rankly grew.

Ye jarring *Creeds-men*, why thus strive

To keep the impious flame alive—

That flame which discontent has brought,

And even now its crusade making,

In crimes like those yourselves have taught—

The social tie of friendship breaking—*

* A striking display of Indian character occurred some years since in a town in Maine. An Indian of the Kennebeck tribe, remarkable for his good conduct, received a grant of land from the State, and fixed himself in a new township, where a number of families were settled. —Though not ill-treated, yet the common prejudice against Indians prevented any sympathy with him. This was shown on the death of his only child, when none of the people came near him. Shortly after, he gave up his farm, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forest, to join the Canadian Indians.—*Tudor's Letters on the Eastern States of America.*

There are no people in the world fonder of their children and rela-

Because to you, you think is given

A nigher way to march to heaven !! *

tions than the Indians. In many instances, they have been known to carry, on their backs, their aged and helpless parents, through all the privations and difficulties of life; and, among many of the wandering tribes that I visited, I have found very old men, quite unable to provide for themselves, who had been tenderly conveyed, by their families, through all their different stations, and hunting grounds, with the greatest care and affection.—I note this particularly, as THOMAS MOORE, the first poet of the age, seems to have had a very unfavourable opinion of Indian tenderness and sympathy, when he observed, in his advertisement to the fifth number of the *Irish Melodies*, “that the Indians put their relatives to death when they become feeble.” MR. MOORE must have collected this information from the enemies of the poor Indians, when travelling through the United States, in 1804; but a personal knowledge of the Aboriginies of America would have caused his manly and independent mind to have spoken in a different style, with regard to the noble, but much injured, sons of the forest. The Indians belonging to Great Britain have an utter dislike to the Yankees—as the Americans are called. Nor am I surprised at this feeling—for there is scarce a day but brings them some cruel accounts of the destruction and massacre of their brethren in the United States—and, even at this moment, in Georgia, the poor Indian is hunted from his home, and barbarously murdered—while those who are under the protection of the British Government enjoy comfort, peace, and happiness. Well, then, might the poor Kennebeck Indian carry the bones of his little child to a welcomer grave among the undisturbed forests of Canada.

* JUVENAL must have had a very unfavourable opinion of the human race, when he thus said :—*Rari quippe boni : numero vix sunt totidem, quot Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nilii.*

But here, what joyous rapture seems

In every eye that brightly beams,

Where melody as freely strays

From youthful tongues,* now breathing pleasure,

As from the *scarlet-bird*, that plays

From branch to branch—while music's treasure,

Comes, like the fabled harp, that sings

To every breeze that sweeps its strings.

Now, on a fallen trunk of pine

One peaceful moment to recline,

And view such joys—beyond control—

Wakes in the heart some sweet emotion,

Like that which cheers the Persian's soul,

In tranquil hours of pure devotion—

Who only asks to love and see,

The image of his Deity.

* There is a peculiar softness in the singing of the young Indian girls. The first time I heard the songs of these daughters of the forest, was during a visit to Capt. W*****ma, of H. M. R. N., at his cottage on the Bay of Quinte—and never were music, time and place so happily blended.

The dance*—the laugh—the pleasing flush
 Of joy, which through their bosoms rush,
 Proclaim the bliss of one and all—
 Nor ever yet was seen so splendid,
 Nor such a wedding festival—
 Nor joys, with joys so purely blended—
 As crowns the lovely—loving pair,
 With all the soul could wish or share,

* Dancing is one of the most favourite amusements of the Indians—and exhibits to an European something more singularly grand than he has ever been accustomed to witness among the artificial assemblies of a more polished, but a less interesting people. With the Indian, the pure feelings of the heart are the only guide in the happy hour of his playful festivities—which are unencumbered by that cold reserve and mawkish ceremony, practised in the studied dance of our own speculating times. By the request of a Huron Queen, I attended one of their parties, in the summer of 1826; and had the honour of being introduced, by her, to several Chiefs belonging to the Iroquois and Algonquin tribes—who came distinctly for the purpose of joining in the pleasure of the appointed dance. It was a most delightful evening in the month of June—and the wild, romantic scenery of the place where they were assembled, added doubly to the anticipated joys, while a full, yellow moon emerged, in all the majesty of beauty, from behind the lofty trees of the forest, and flung her magic beams along the curling waters of a lovely bay, on whose tufted banks all were now happily seated. A large pine log, about eight yards long, being rolled on the green, the party commenced dancing round it, answering, occasional-

But, hush!—that watch-dog seems to say
 Some stranger comes, unknown, this way—
 Yes—yes—I see—I plainly hear
 Each oar now in the current plying—
 And there, five other boats appear,
 With men, to gain the shore fast trying—
 It is an enemy!—to arms—
 The war-whoop, at one breath, alarms.

Now, Chiefs and heroes firmly stand,
 Prepared to meet the first command,

ly, in responses, to the Chief who conducted the ceremony, holding in his hand a horn filled with small pebbles—which, by alternately shaking, and striking against the palm of the left hand, afforded a kind of music, which appeared to be well understood by the dancers. Other individuals, seated at a distance, played on instruments made of dressed deer-skins, fixed on a round hoop—and, though not very harmonious, still it seemed to correspond with the idea of the first progress of music, and conjured up to me the image of the Arcadian PAN, with all his lovely shepherdesses, dancing to the music of his enchanting reed.

The Indian war-dance is one of the grandest displays an European can witness—and I regret, that a work so limited as this, deprives me of the pleasure I would feel in giving a full description of it to my readers.

And teach the Christian soon to know

The danger of his foul intrusion—

Till, from the tomahawk, one blow

Shall pay him for the dire confusion

He to the Indian oft has given,

And all to claim the love of heaven !

Man stands 'gainst man, in dreadful strife,

Till ebbs the flowing tide of life—

And long, and doubtful seemed the day,

On either side so well contended—

Nor gained, nor gave an inch away,

Till dead, and dying, lay extended,

In mangled ruin on the shore,

With human blood empurpled o'er !

Close by the border of the stream

I see a battle-axe quick gleam,

And throw its flashes o'er the wave—

'Tis SKENANDOW'S—its death-blows giving—

And he who meets it, meets his grave,
 Nor longer shall disturb the living—
 It is the light'ning of his course—
 No human arm can stop its force.

Thus, while the contest is maintained,
 By neither won, by neither gained—
 The great TECUMSEH* hurries o'er,
 Just in the fury of the action—

* This celebrated warrior belonged to the SHAWANEE tribe, that inhabited the territory on the borders of Lake Michigan, until they were all nearly annihilated by an armed body of Americans—who, in the dead hour of night, rushed upon them, on the banks of the Wabash, and destroyed every thing that came in their way, without regard to either sex or age, with more than a savage ferocity. TECUMSEH, however, fortunately escaped, and, with the few that remained, crossed the upper Lakes to the British possessions, and joined the HURONS—one of the finest tribes that belongs to the Indian Nation.—TECUMSEH, although not much over thirty years of age, was, from his brave and manly conduct, appointed head Chief of this distinguished tribe—a circumstance that but seldom occurs among Indians, as they are very particular in conferring that honour on the aged and experienced warriors of their respective bodies.—In the winter of 1812, TECUMSEH and his Hurons joined the army of General Proctor, against the “Long Knives”—a name by which they still designate

Directly from the other shore,
 With heroes roused to keen distraction—
 Whose vengeance, bursting on each white,
 Decide the horrors of the fight.

the Americans—and, in 1813, had upwards of three thousand selected warriors under his command. But the Napoleon of the West had not long to live—his glorious career was now hurrying to its close—and on the 5th of October, 1814, while heroically leading on his brave companions, in a desperate engagement, fought between the British and the Americans, at the Moravian Village, on the banks of the River Thames, in Upper Canada, he received his death shot—and, in the very moment when courageously maintaining the contest against the left of the American line, after the cowardly Proctor had fled, leaving the flag of Great Britain alone to be defended by the brave, but unsupported Indians, against the overwhelming numbers of a powerful enemy. After the battle, thirty-three distinguished Indian warriors were found dead on the field—and among them, the famous **TECUMSEH**!—Before the death of this noble Chief, of which, it appears, he had some presentiment, it is said, that, in one of his speeches, he, in the name of the Nation, charged the Hurons never to select his son—a lad then about fifteen years of age—as their Chief—adding, that, although very fond of the boy, “he was too fair, and too much like a white man.” What a lesson might civilized nations learn from this untutored Indian, who thus threw aside all parental prejudices, when put in competition with the happiness and safety of his Country—believing, that as an Indian approached, in look and features, the white Christian, he must also resemble him in perfidy and in wickedness! Too just a reason had the brave **TECUMSEH** for such a conclusion!

And now, the crackling flames are seen,

In columns, rolling far between

The pond'rous branches of the pine,

Till onward through the forest rushing,

Where beasts no longer can recline—

And heaven's distant arch seems blushing,

As if illum'd by Etna's flame,

Far o'er the crater whence it came.

While here the foaming torrent roars,

And dashes round the rugged shores,

The timid deer starts from his lair,

And o'er the mountain's summit bounding,

Avoids the rage of horror there,

And scenes now dismally surrounding

That spot, where he so late could roam,

And find a peaceful forest home.

The sullen murmur of the breeze,

That eddies through the falling trees,

Comes like the pensive dirge of woe,
 Or death-notes deepest anguish waking,
 When doomed the soul's last struggling throes
 To hear, or see from nature breaking,
 Leaving a gloomy wreck behind,
 No more to pain or earth confined.

And now, the dying white man's groan,
 Unpitied, and unwept—alone—
 Breaks on the ear—and now his prayer
 To heaven he seems for mercy raising,
 With lips that scarcely breathe the air,
 And eyes but faintly upwards gazing,
 Till the unerring* feathered dart
 Drains the last life-drop from the heart.

* I have often been surprised, when travelling through the immense forests of America, to see with what precision a young Indian boy raises his bow, and in an instant drives the arrow into a squirrel, woodpecker, or some other bird, perched on the highest tree.

Before the sable skirt of night
 Had closed upon the dismal sight—
 Of all the Christian foe-men, three
 Alone remain to weep their errors,*
 And ruin's dark reality,
 Which stalked with unexampled terrors,
 While in each look of deadly hate,
 They read their own impending fate.

It is a foul—unholy crime,
 Stamped on the open page of time—
 To plunder Nature's humble child
 Of all the gifts for him intended,
 And scattered through his forest wild,
 Till Christian charity extended
 Her bounteous hand, and made him know,
 For bliss exchanged—a real woe !†

* Every classical reader will recollect the sentiment of JUVENAL—
Nil crit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat posteritas.

† It is worthy of remark, that the BOETHIC, or Red Indians, once a
 numerous and a powerful tribe, inhabiting the western shores of New-

The Missionary evils brought,*

By those who first Religion taught—

Forgive the phrase—had more of hell—

And all the crimes with it connected—

foundland, and the coasts of Labrador, are now almost extinct—and the few that remain, scarcely known to the inhabitants. It appears, that about a century and a half ago, the Boethic Indians, and the Micmacs, a neighbouring tribe, lived in the greatest harmony and friendship, until some unfortunate occurrence sprung up between the Boethics and the French. A reward was offered for the heads of some of those poor Indians; and the Micmacs, by the influence of liquor, and other gifts, were persuaded to undertake the barbarous act. The Micmacs succeeded in murdering two of their unsuspecting neighbours; but, before the heads were delivered to the French, they were discovered in a canoe by the relatives of the poor sufferers—who, disguising all knowledge of this treacherous cruelty, invited the Micmacs to a feast, and arranged their guests in such a way, that every Boethic had a Micmac by his side—and, at a preconcerted signal, every man slew his guest.—A desperate war afterwards ensued; but, as the Micmacs were provided, by the French, with fire-arms—a thing entirely unknown to the Boethics—of course, an undisputed ascendancy was soon gained. The Boethics, or Red Indians, being thus conquered, fled into the recesses of the forest, where they have remained till this day, fearing, and justly hating, the pale face of every *civilized* Christian.

* I consider these people—says MACKENZIE—as having been, morally speaking, great sufferers, from their communication with the subjects of civilized nations.

Than ever yet were known to dwell

With those oft called the *lost*—neglected—
The barb'rous Indian—Savage race—
The outcasts of the human race !

Yet, while the independent soul
Can fairly here survey the whole,
And take a broad—but candid view,
Of times gone by—and darkest sorrows,
Which now the Indian's days pursue,
The very pain that sadness borrows,
Awakes a feeling deadlier far,
Than ever roused the breast of war.

Now in the twilight's thick'ning gloom,
Three whites remain to know their doom,
While by the fragments of the dead,
Each hero Chieftain sadly pauses,
Or with a slow and solemn tread,
Surveys the evils, and their causes,

Until the throb, and bursting swell,
The heart's dark ruin here can tell.

What !—do I see a female there,
Amid the horror of despair ?—
'Tis faithful TA-POO-KA, alone,
Now seeking for her SIOUX lover—
And ah ! I hear his dying moan,
And see her bending sadly over
The noble youth—till, clasped in death,
She joins with his, her parting breath !

Oh ! hapless pair !—dark fate has cast
The death-shade o'er your brows at last—
And all the throbbings of the heart,
Are hushed in gloomy peace forever—
No more with rapture's thrill to start—
Ah, no !—life's spark again shall never
Awake, 'mong clouds so foul as those,
Which on this day's sad ruins close,

How ~~dismally~~ among the leaves,
 Is heard the murmuring breath* of night,
 Like the last sigh the bosom heaves,
 Caught by some angel in its flight,
 Who, leaving its own happy sphere,
 In pity to man's great distress,
 Comes on a holy mission here,
 To those who sleep in wretchedness.

The moon is up, and through the clouds
 Collected round her palely form,
 Like mist which some dark fiend enshrouds,
 Before the bursting of the storm—
 Now takes her ~~dull~~ and cheerless rout,
 Along the gloomy arch of heaven,
 Where not a single star looks out,
 To cheer the dismal frowns of even.

* There is a melancholy grandeur in the hollow breathings of the winds, passing over the foaming cascades, till lost in the distant echoes of the forest, that creates a pensiveness in the heart, of which, only those who have heard, can for one moment form the slightest conception.

And from the cloud-capped mountain high,
 Where now the fearless eagle sleeps,
 The stream sends forth a broken sigh,
 While tumbling down the rugged steeps—
 And from the hollow, blasted pine,
 Where heaven's light'ning played along,
 And wild grapes close their tendrils twine,
 Comes forth the screech-owl's boding song.

There's scarce a sound, or motion here,
 But wandering breezes now and then,
 That slowly steal upon the ear,
 In broken murmurs from the glen—
 The Lake enjoys a dreamy rest,
 And all upon its waters—save
 The pelican's soft bosom, pressed
 By gentle throbbings of the wave.

Yet, ah ! how changed the sunny hour,
 When ТА-РОО-КА, the trembling bride,

Stood by the Water-God's deep bower,*
 With her young SIOUX at her side—
 Where, dancing onward as it goes,
 They viewed the liquid *Curtain's*† foam,

* There is a belief among the Indians, that a Spirit presides at all their great cascades and waterfalls—and to this Deity they frequently make sacrifices. According to OVID, a similar opinion seems to have prevailed among the ancients.

*Hæc domus, hæc sedes, hæc sunt penetralia magni
 Amnis : in hoc residens facto de cautibus antro,
 Undis Jura dabit, nymphisque colentibus undas.*

† This idea occurred to me on viewing the falls of the *Rideau*, or *Curtain*—which tumble beautifully over a perpendicular rock of about fifty feet, into the OTTAWA, at a short distance below the flourishing village of BYTOWN.—The river *RIDEAU*—from which the great Canal derives its name—is about four hundred yards wide directly above the Falls, and forms altogether a most delightful prospect. It was in one of those charming evenings, which are so inviting, in the month of August, when the setting sun seems to linger with admiration on the surrounding scenery of the forest, that I first found myself standing by the side of this romantic cataract. Here, while gazing on the foaming waters, and the beautiful tints of the arched rainbow, so enchantingly thrown across their bosom, I felt as if enjoying the pleasing magic of some fairy home. But the poet's joys are merely momentary—he is the child of impulse—too much given to association and reflection—for, scarcely had I been fanned by the refreshing breeze of the beautiful waterfall, than a contrast with my own loved mountain-stream, which first attracted the light steps of my boyhood, presented itself, with all the original happiness of days, which now only exist on the broad waste of a too faithful recollection.

Just where the tinted rainbow throws
 An archway o'er his fairy home.

But, sleep!—no war-whoop e'er shall break
 The silence of this last repose,
 Nor cause that noble heart to wake,
 Which fell the victim of its foes!
 Ah, no!—then let ALKWANWAUGH's shade,
 And TA-POO-KA's undying name,
 Still have such tributes to them paid
 As souls, like theirs, unsullied claim.

Now let the Christian white men, three,
 Fast pinioned to that bas-wood tree,
 To wait the tomahawk's aimed blow,
 For crimes that should not be forgiven—
 Declare, ere forced to undergo
 The mandate of avenging heaven,
 If now, they do not deeply feel
 Their conscience-horrors o'er them steal.

A ghastly gloom encircles all
Who sleep beneath night's dark'ning pall
Their last, long sleep—and not a sound
Disturbs this tranquil hour of sorrow,
Save the cascade's echoing round
The hollow cliffs—as if to borrow,
From the bleak caverns as they go,
Responses for their dirge of woe.

But now, close by that maple grove,
I see a flame ascend above
The wide spread branches—and the light
Gleam on warriors round it standing—
'Tis the great Council-fire of night,
And, by its signal, now commanding
All the brave Chieftains quickly there,
To tell the whites their doom, and where.

Among the youthful heroes all,
It was agreed the whites should fall,

And that the tomahawk alone,
 Directed by a hand unerring,
 Should make them for their wrongs atone—
 Deep wrongs, which now demand repairing—
 And that ALKWANWAUGH's noble shade,
 Must have the offering to it paid.

The foul invaders of our rights—
 These cold—unfeeling—Christian whites—
 Who seek the Indian to destroy,
 And blot away his name and nation—
 Shall never more our peace annoy,
 Which long has been their occupation—*

* "Although the Indians have suffered a great deal of abuse, they are," observes MACKENZIE, "naturally mild and affable, as well as just in their dealings, not only among themselves, but with strangers. They are also generous and hospitable, and good natured in the extreme, except when their nature is perverted by the inflammatory influence of spirituous liquors. They have been called thieves—but when that vice can, with justice, be attributed to them, it may be traced to their connection with the *civilized* people who come into their country to traffic."

No—no—each now must lose his head,
 T'appease our brother heroes dead.

Our hunting grounds—our streams—our lakes,
 The white usurper freely takes,
 And all the Indian's God* has given—
 Nor does he, in his rapid plunder,
 Think of our wives, and children, driven
 Far, far from home—and torn asunder,†
 Or seeking food we cannot give,
 To bid their little spirits live.

The captives now, with downcast eyes,
 As reading their own obsequies,

* Here the young warrior might have addressed them in the language of ALCIDES—*Et sunt, qui credere possint esse deos ?*

† The white Christians having taken possession of the whole of the country which the Great Spirit had given us—one of our tribes was forced to wander far below Quebec—others, dispersed in small bodies, were obliged to seek places of refuge where they could—and some went far to the westward, and mingled with other tribes.—*Relations of a Mohican Chief.*

Look downward still—while by the flame,
 Whose glaring light sometimes fell o'er them,
 Was seen the heavy brow of shame,
 Once never raised—and, just before them,
 War's last deciding Council stood,
 Embosomed in the darkling wood.

Come, said a youth, of noble look,
 As he his sheaf of arrows shook,
 Come, give the word—this pointed dart,
 Sent from my bow-string,* faithful ever,
 Shall quickly reach the foe-man's heart,
 And all life's chords unerring sever—
 My country's wrongs I must redress,
 Nor longer feel her wretchedness.

* Perhaps it may be well to observe here, that the *bow* is made of cedar, six feet in length, with a short iron spike at one end, and serves occasionally as a spear. Their arrows are well made, barbed, and pointed with iron, flint, stone, or bone—they are feathered, and from two to two feet and a half in length. The Indians are excellent marksmen—seldom or never missing their object.

Fierce were the burning words that came,
 Like lava floods of living flame,
 From feeling's strong, but injured fount,
 When thus, each youth's keen eloquence,
 His Nation's evils would recount—
 Whose soul would be her bold defence,
 Or, perish in that Nation's fall,
 When ruin had encircled all.

The rage that fired each youthful breast
 Subsided to a partial rest,
 As now the aged SACHEMS rise,
 In manly pride, to speak their feeling,
 And, to the Spirits of their skies,
 In most affecting words, appealing,
 Said—Hurons, spare !* give, give consent—
 Pardon these whites—they may repent.

* Another instance of Indian generosity was displayed at the battle of Frenchtown, on the 22d of January, 1813, by ROUNDHEAD, the distinguished Wyandot Chief, who commanded upwards of six hundred

—————"they may repent,"

Was soon by listening echoes sent

Around LA CLOCHE*—from flood to flood,

O'er winding hills—to that great mountain,

Where long the Indian's God hath stood,

To list the murmurings of the fountain,

While gushing forth beneath his feet,

In haste some kindred stream to meet.

TECUMSEH spoke the words of peace

With full persuasion,† to release

warriors in that engagement against the Americans. Shortly after the commencement of the action, General Winchester, commander of the enemy's forces, was taken prisoner by this worthy Chief—and, without either tomahawking or scalping, delivered safely to the Colonel of the British troops. It is questionable, if ROUNDHEAD had fallen into the hands of his enemy, whether he would not have met a similar fate to that of the brave TECUMSEH !

* There is an island on the skirts of Lake Huron, called, by the *Canadian Voyageurs*, LA CLOCHE, in consequence of a rock, standing there on a plain, which, being struck, rings like a bell.

† Well may it be said of TECUMSEH, what the poet ENNIUS remarked respecting CETHEGUS, the Roman orator—*suadæ medulla*—for he possessed the very essence of persuasion.

The captive foe.—He would not shed

A tyrant's blood, when conquered—standing
In chains, like those who bend the head

In sadness here—with grief commanding
The finer feelings of the heart,
To let them now unhurt depart.

He paused—then cast his eyes of jet
On SKENANDOW—who quickly met,
With mutual glance, their magic power—
And on TECUMSEH's right hand turning,
Now in this last—this tragic hour,
Close by the flame's extensive burning,
To take a view of friends and foes,
And thus, his heart's pure thoughts disclose.

White men !—here, oftentimes have we
Exchanged the WAMPUM*—set the tree—

* WAMPUM.—This is the current money among the Indians: it is
of two sorts, white and purple—the white is worked out of the insides

The tree of peace—and tied the chain*

Of friendship, which yourselves have broken

Disgracefully—still to remain—

And the hatchet†—the purest token

Of Indian faith—by us long buried—

You've foully raised, and to war carried.

Through this long hair of raven dye‡

The winds oft wandered—and the sigh

of the great Congues into the form of a bead, and perforated so as to be strung on leather—the purple is worked out of the inside of the muscle shell; they are wove as broad as one's hand, and about two feet long. These they call belts, and give and receive them, at their treaties, as the seals of friendship.—COLDEN.

* The chain of friendship will now, we hope, be made strong, as you desire it to be. We will hold it fast, and our end of it shall never rust in our hands.—*Speech of Corn Plant, the Seneca Chief, to George Washington.*

† The Indians, at their treaties of peace, bury the war-axe, as a token of reconciliation—and never have they been known to violate the conditions stipulated. I am sorry that it is not in my power to give a similar character of their white neighbours.

‡ The Indians have long black hair, flowing loosely over their shoulders. It appears rather coarse—but this may be attributed to its being

Of grief has echoed far and near,
 Long since the Christian came, deceiving
 With kind words*—and many a tear
 Our children wept, for thus believing
 His artful smiles—nor dreamed that he
 Would be our cause of misery.

But we forgive.—You may return—†
 Perhaps your wives and children mourn,

so constantly exposed without any covering. Among the women who pay some attention to their hair, I have seen such glossy locks, waving in the breeze, as would call forth the admiration of a modern Carolan. It is very remarkable, that the oldest Indians whom I visited retained their raven locks, flowing, and as freshly coloured, as when in the full vigour of life—not like the puny whites of the present day, who become either bald or grey before they have time to put on the *toga virilis*. So much for luxury!

* Your speech written on the great paper, is to us like the first light of the morning to a sick man, whose pulse beats strongly in his temples, and prevents him from sleeping—he sees it and rejoices, but is not cured.—*Speech of Corn Plant, the Seneca Chief, to George Washington.*

† “To the pure all things are pure.”—The Indians are a peaceable race of men—and an European may travel from one side of the continent to the other without experiencing insult.—M. LEBUC.

Like the poor squaw—when struck in death

The hunter of the deer is lying—

Or doomed to catch his parting breath

While on the field of battle dying—

Who, till his spirit mounts above,

Still casts on her his looks of love !

Go—go—myself shall now unbind

The *Wattap*, which has here confined

Your blood-stained hands*—nor ever more

Return, to bring the Huron sorrow,

* The conduct of America towards the Indian tribes is dishonourable, in the extreme, to her National Government. I cannot, however, comment better on this subject than by giving the following observations of GENERAL JACKSON, President of the United States, in his message to the House of Representatives, in 1829.

“ *Professing* a desire to civilize and settle them, (the Indians,) we have, at the same time, lost no opportunity to purchase their lands, and *thrust* them further into the wilderness. By this means, they have not only been kept in a wandering state, but been led to look on us as unjust, and indifferent to their fate. Their present condition, contrasted with what they once were, makes a powerful appeal to our sympathies. Our ancestors found them the uncontrolled possessors of the vast regions. By *force*, they have been made to retire from river to river, and from mountain to mountain, until some of the tribes have become

Or scatter round his woody shore
 The anguish of some future morrow—
 This, this we ask—nor further roam,
 To rob the Indian of his home.*

extinct, and others have left but remnants, to preserve for a while their once terrible names. The fate of the Mobican, the Narragansett, and the Delaware, is fast overtaking the Choctaw, the Cherokee, and the Creek. Humanity and national honour demand that every effort should be made to avert so great a calamity."

In quoting the language of the President, which accidentally fell in to my hand, as this work was about to issue from the press, I consider it one of my best authorities in support of what I have previously advanced. I feel no wish to bear away from whatever merit America may possess; but, regardless of consequences—should I even be denounced like Thomas Moore, Basil Hall, and others—I must say, that, would America throw aside her proverbial national vanity, and act more *really*, without the aid of *prophecy*, she might redeem a great deal of her lost character, and no longer become the object of jest and ridicule to every intelligent traveller and historian, who thrives by her folly, and laughs at her presumption! GENERAL JACKSON very happily uses the word "*profession*"—America always makes great professions, but little execution—witness her ship-building transaction, to redeem unfortunate Greece!—*Re opitulandum, non verbis*.

There is a manly boldness and generous feeling displayed in every sentence which the noble President has uttered on this subject, of injustice to the poor Indians, that at once discovers the benevolent feelings of a heart, which is not only *brave* in war, but kind in peace.—Such men as JACKSON deserve well the high honours of their country.

* In these four last stanzas, I have been obliged to sacrifice harmony, in order to preserve, as much as possible, the peculiar, short,

Thus far the Chief.—And from the tree—
 Once more set to their liberty—
 The whites retire—with steps as slow
 As steals the guilty heart from danger—
 And through the woods in silence go,
 Midst swamps and gloom—or like some ranger,
 When destined on his midnight prey,
 Too impious for the blaze of day.

The clouds retiring seek the west,
 Like giant spirits to their rest—
 And now, the pale moon's* trembling beam,
 From out the walking elements,

pithy phrases generally used by the best Indian orators. It is the *matter*, not the *sound*, that I wish to communicate.

* During a visit to COLONEL JOHN MACDONELL, of Point Fortune, on the banks of the Ottawa, he mentioned, among a number of his interesting accounts of the Indians, that they generally consult the appearance of the new moon, previous to their entering on their hunting excursions. If the moon presents herself horizontally, it betokens foul weather; but if in a perpendicular form, so as not to admit of any thing suspending from her horn, it inspires a good hope of a pleasant

Comes faintly shining o'er the stream,*

On whose smooth verge some soul repents,

And with each tear that sadly falls,

The errors of this life recalls.

TECUMSEH and his heroes, brave,

Now enter on the pulseless wave,

And in their barks that lightly press

The bosom of the tranquil waters—

Much like some sea-god's soft caress,

When round his pleasing smiles he scatters—

and a successful chase. COL. MACDONELL is one of those hearty, kind and interesting gentlemen, with whom a traveller soon forgets that he is a stranger. His door is the open vestibulum of hospitality, and no man ever visited it without a kind reception. After too short a visit, I took my departure—but not without the hearty shake of a friendly hand, and, on my part, a pledge to revisit this noble representative of a worthy Highland gentleman.

* This idea occurred to me after travelling along the banks of the Schuylkill, where my fancy conjured up the image of my countryman, THOMAS MOORE, and presented his beautiful verses, written when, perhaps, like myself, straying along its winding banks, catching the first impressions that novelty and romantic scenery generally produce to attract the admiration of the poet.

Are, in one moment's airy flight,
Beyond the distant reach of sight.

And now, the remnant seek their home,
Close by the cascade's noisy foam—
Where, in some welcomed, calm repose,
The wearied heart might cease its mourning,
And half forget its latest woes,*
Midst peaceful joys, in dreams returning,
Until it felt that soothing bliss,
Which makes life's days all happiness.

* Although I have, in many instances, alluded to the unfeeling treatment of America towards the first proprietors of her soil—yet, I am far from considering but that many of her liberal and intelligent sons will heartily agree with the correctness of my observations. America is improving, and I wish well to her success, but, *Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*. In my travels through that country, I had the honour of being introduced to some of her highly polished and most interesting gentlemen, among whom I will mention His Excellency C. P. VAN NESS, the present minister to the Court of Spain. This gentleman is very conversant, and has a good knowledge of both men and things. There is a becoming ease and a gracefulness of manner in his address, which is certainly engaging, and gives a stranger a favourable opinion at his first interview with this very accomplished American.

But, as they took their onward way,
 A direful band that darkly lay
 In silent ambush, rushed upon
 The scattered Chiefs—nor ever making
 One minute's pause, till life was gone,
 But o'er the dead and dying breaking,
 Till SKENANDOW's brave arm had stayed
 The fury of the white man's blade.

Alone the noble Huron stands,
 Amidst the crash of warring hands
 That round him throng—and e'en the *three*,
 The captive *three*, of Christian feeling !
 So lately rescued from the tree,
 Surround the Chief—their death-blows dealing—
 But ere his life's blood they could shed,
 Two fell among the mangled dead.

Some now behind, and some before,
 Around the warrior hero pour,

Like demons of the raging storm—

Yet, still majestic midst the foe,

Was seen his bold, his manly form,

There dealing death in every blow,

Till—from the man he saved—a dart

Had pierced the recess of his heart !

SKENANDOW fell !—and calmly sleeps

By ERIE's darkling groves of pine,

Where gently now the wild grape creeps,

As if to guard the holy shrine—

Nor shall his name be e'er forgot—

But future bards, in songs of grief,

Will sadly tell of that lone spot,

Where rests the noble HURON CHIEF !

TO CLARA.

WHERE the wide spreading thorn

Diffuses its shade,

Oft, oft with my Clara

I've pleasingly strayed—

Or paused, while she culled,

By the moon's trembling light,

The primrose, or daisy,

That slumbered in night.

And dear were the pleasures

Such minutes had given,

To brighten our path,

In a calm summer even.

But, like the soft joys
That first hallow the heart,
In love's early hour—
Then haste to depart—

So hurried the moments,
That only could throw
A beam on life's pathway,
Long shadowed by woe.

Yet, I still must remember
The pleasures that flowed,
And the heaven of love
Which my Clara bestowed.

TO MISS E—— R——,

ON HEARING HER SING A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN MELODY, ACCOMPANYING HERSELF ON THE PIANO.

Dwells there no joy in song?—OSSIAN.

Oh, yes! my fairest, there is a feeling,

Alone conveyed through the tide of song.

Which, like enchantment, comes softly stealing,

When lips like thine its sweet notes prolong.

And I could wish here to pause with pleasure,

Catching each soft melting tone that falls,

In purest rapture, like fairy measure,

Which joys departed once more recalls.

And from each chord that now pliant trembles,

Sweet notes come flowing, like the strains you pour,

While every thrill which that chord resembles,

Awakes a joy here unfelt before.

M

Oh ! could such moments but last for ever,
 No other home I'd seek for purer bliss—
 Ah, no ! dear girl, I would wander never
 From you, and raptures which hallow this.

MY IRISH HOME.

While o'er the billow's heaving breast
 Our bark does slowly glide,
 Each lingering look is backward cast,
 Along the curling tide—
 And still I hope some happier day
 May teach me not to roam,
 But bless me with the smiles so gay
 That cheered my Irish home.

Yet, Erin dear, thy green-clad hills
 Recede too fast from view,
 While now each breeze the canvas fills
 That bears me far from you—

And, oh ! I stand upon the deck,
 To hear the rustling foam,
 That half conveys my sorrows back
 To my dear Irish home.

And now, I watch thy mountains high,
 Above the ocean's brim,
 In graceful beauty touch the sky,
 Through closing night-shades dim,
 Till every vista disappears,
 And lost in evening's gloam,
 The twinkling star of night, that cheers
 My much loved Irish home.

TO THE COUNTESS OF D——E.

Oh ! do not curse the humble bard—
 He's poor enough without it—
 For if he said your heart is hard,
 There's very few will doubt it.

MONODY,

TO THE SHADE OF LORD BYRON.

True, thou hadst faults—and who has not ?

But were thine still of deeper dye,

Than crimes of some who share that spot

Where thou wert deemed unfit to lie ?

Ah, no !—And yet to judge I dare

Of every fruit which bears thy name,

As well as *he* who would not spare

One corner for thy deathless fame !

Yet, Westminster, in all her pride

Of sculptured grandeur, never knew,

Nor placed within her marbled side,

A bard, whose claim's more justly due.

Then, BYRON ! until Time's last verge,

The weeping muse the tale shall tell,

And sigh thy melancholy dirge,

Thou star of genius, loved too well.

Ah ! why say loved ?—has not the *Dean*—*

With soul so pious, weighed thy worth—

Refused thee all that could remain—

One spot in *consecrated* earth !

But, sweetest bard—no matter where

The mortal wreck of dust be thrown—

A monument thou'lt ever share

In hearts of feeling, like thine own.

Yes, genius will record thy name—

And poets yet unborn will sing

Thy lasting praise, and still proclaim

Thee master of the dulcet string.

The haughty *Dean* shall be forgot,

Nor known beyond his life's short span—

* Perhaps it may be well here to observe, that the present Dean of Westminster would not allow the remains of the immortal BYRON a small spot among the tombs of his literary countrymen—judging that the *writings* and *conduct* of the noble Bard had altogether rendered him unworthy of such an honour !—*proh pudor* ! Yet, were others to sit in judgment, like the pious Dean ! on the literary foibles and immoral conduct of many who have been admitted to the sacred precincts of Westminster, it is almost certain, the uncompromising BYRON would stand forth from the impartial ordeal, the most pure and spotless.

His mem'ry with himself shall rot,

Unmourned, unwept by muse or man.

Oh, BYRON! thou shalt point the way,

Where sordid dullness can't obtrude,

And shine, in heaven's clear galaxy,

A star of brightest magnitude.

The rising youth will catch the beam

That falls from splendour such as thine—

His heart will drink the living stream,

And feel each ray as if divine.

And while he views thine orb so bright,

To yon grey towers his thoughts he'll turn—

And ask, who dared oppose thy right

To sleep within her guarded urn?

Nor can he doubt, there many a heart—

Though basely born—ignobly bred—

Has found a tomb, where dwell apart

Memorials of the mighty dead.

Are trifling fops, whose highest powers

Were spent in fashion's giddy round,

Deemed worthier of those reverend towers,

For rest upon that sacred ground ?

Or, is it that thy *works* proclaim

Thy corse unfit to grace that hall ?—

Oh, stranger ! read each burnished name,

And say, was Byron's worse than all ?

No—there are bards and lordlings too,

Whose sculptured columns proudly rise,

Whose souls were black in heaven's view,

Whose works have spread despair and sighs.

Unblushing, who religion scorned,

Fair virtue mocked in wanton jest—

Yet, by a worthier crowd adorned,

They press upon thy sacred breast.

The muse, too modest for the strain,

Deigns not to touch the trembling chord,

That here could waken thoughts of pain,

At mention e'en of many a lord.

But Greece, when o'er the Turkish yoke,

Refulgent shall in glory rise,

Will BYRON's deathless shade invoke,
 And point tow'rds Britain's favourite skies.
 'Midst bards of old she'll mix thy name—
 Her champion in affliction's hour—
 Then shalt thou shine with brighter fame,
 And scorn pale envy's narrow power.
 BYRON, farewell ! thy name shall live,
 Untouched by time, or fell decay—
 And future bards, in songs, will give
 Thy memory to posterity.

TO MISS ———

I loved you, 'tis true, for a minute,
 When chance flung you into my way—
 But sure, all the pleasures had in it
 Were not worth one half the delay.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE FALLS OF THE CHAUDIERE,* 1827.

Stream of the dark, unbounded wild,
What varied changes here to roam,
Where nature's free, untutored child,
Light paddles o'er thy water's foam.

And in yon liquid sheet above,
Suspended near the gloomy verge,
Each image of the leafy grove,
Seems trembling from the swelling surge!

Oh! there are times, when fancy feels
Each splendid joy this world pourtrays—
And with her magic impulse steals
The heart to thoughts of other days.

* On consideration, it has been thought proper to substitute these stanzas, and the two following little poems, in place of the address to POLYPHEMUS, which, perhaps, was too satirical for a publication of this nature.

And there are visions of the past,
 Reflected from our boyhood's prime,
 When memory's eye is backward cast,
 Along the curling brook of time.

Yet, in the path which fate has given,
 More splendid scenes ne'er shone to man,
 Than now, yon tinted bow of heaven
 Embraces in its fairy span.

Here, where the happy Indian strays,
 Or loiters on the frowning steep,
 To watch the beaver, where it plays
 Its frolicks in the distant deep.

How blissful thus one hour to spend,
 Nature's grand outlines to behold—
 And to some kind—some valued friend,
 The feelings of the heart unfold.

Yes, there are few but own the power
Which mutual conversation brings,
In such a place—in such an hour—
To cheer the soul's dark sorrowings.

For transient are the beams that play
Across the lonely path we tread—
And dim the momentary ray,
That even Hope itself can shed—

Can shed, to gild the chequered stream,
On which the shade of life is cast—
When in its pale, its fleeting gleam,
We read the future by the past !

But from such gloomy thoughts as these,
My heart would now most gladly turn,
Where Nature's mildest prospects please,
And Discontent might cease to mourn.

The frowning cliff, that far extends
Its spray-washed bosom o'er the deep,
On which the venturous youth oft bends,
Unmindful of the rugged steep—

A sweet, romantic joy imparts,
While from the coiling surge he draws
The speckled trout, that dives or darts,
Then makes its last exhausted pause.

Man loves the vivid changes wrought,
Along the course he's doomed to steer—
Nor ever yields the pleasing thought,
That future joys his heart will cheer—

And give the coming day a hue,
As pure and lovely as the even,
Now forming its unsullied blue
Around the closing arch of heaven.

The bliss we share is not so sweet
 As that which gives the future hour,
 A glowing charm we seldom meet,
 Save in Imagination's bower.

Then let me now enjoy the good,
 Possessed in this one sunny minute,
 And I shall think the cheerful wood
 Has home, and heaven, and rapture in it.

VERSES,

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE SAND-BANKS ON THE SHORES OF LAKE
 ONTARIO, NEAR HALLOWELL, 1828.

"So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream."

Here Nature, in some playful hour,
 Has fondly piled those hills of sand,

Which seem the frolick of her power,
Or effort of some magic hand.

Far o'er the wide extended shore,
The hills in conic structure rise,
And seem as never trod before,
Save by the playmates of the skies.

And while the wave's reflected shade
Is flung along each rising mound,
I watch the curling figures made,
Which half proclaim, 'tis fairy ground.

Here Oberon, and Mab his queen,
Have colonised their infant train,
From Scotland's hills, and Erin's green,
Where many a happy day they've lain.

But joy be theirs—I will not bring
One recollection to their view,

Or of their harp touch one soft string,
Or thoughts of other days renew.

Enough for me to gaze upon
The wild *fruit** nodding on each hill,
Where thou, most generous Oberon,
May'st sport and skip at pleasure's will.

Then fare thee well—still light and free
As summer-winds that fan the lake,
On, onward to eternity,
May grief nor care thee overtake.

My journey's far—I seek a bower,
Secluded from oppression's rod,
Where in devotion's happiest hour
No man can *tax* the praise of God.

* This is a sort of wild cherry, which grows on a very small shrub, that seems planted by the hand of Nature, as a kind of ornament to enhance the curiosity of these great mountains of sand. They are very

PARAPHRASE OF THE 29TH PSALM.

Give to the Lord ! O ye sons of the mighty !

All glory and strength which unto him belong—
Let heart-glowing cheerfulness warmly incite ye
To wake with enchantment your heavenly song.

The voice of the Lord echoes loud o'er the waters,
And oft times in thunder it bursts through the air—
The voice of Jehovah delights Sion's daughters,
And sweetly his praises they love to declare.

numerous, and by no means unpleasant to the taste. They are generally in season about the middle of August—at which time, the people, for many miles round the country, assemble in parties of pleasure, for the purpose of gathering fruit, and visiting the romantic scenery.—These great piles of sand run nearly parallel between the beautiful waters of Ontario and the West Lake : they are certainly a wild curiosity, and not unworthy the observation of a traveller. The kind attention of Mr. JONES rendered my journey through that part of the country very agreeable, and added much to the pleasure of such a romantic visit.

The voice of the Lord splits the cedars asunder,
 Which raise their proud heads on fair Lebanon's hill—
 He makes them to skip like a calf with his thunder,
 And the rage of the wild flame is hushed at his will.

His presence the desert of Kadesh makes tremble,
 The hinds of the wilderness bring forth their young ;
 The oak's sturdy strength is to him as the bramble,
 While breezes play lightly its foliage among.

The Lord on the floods sitteth monarch forever,
 His power or glory can never decrease—
 His strength from his people no mortal can sever,
 He'll crown them forever with blessings of peace.

TO SOPHIA.

There is a melancholy shadow cast
 O'er all my joys, when I return here,
 To muse on pleasures, which have quickly passed,
 When thou, sweet girl, wert dearest of the dear.

And still the mind is fated to pursue
The mocking phantoms of delusive bliss,
Which rise again, to cheat the wond'ring view,
And make me feel the pangs of even this.

And, while among these infant pines I stray,
Which shade the path where oft we've strayed before—
Each thought reverting, marks that well-known day,
I breathed my song of rapture o'er and o'er.

But now, the murmuring breeze that sighs along,
In gloomy sadness, through the waving grove,
Comes o'er the heart, like sorrow's dismal song,
With every feeling that the soul can move.

And in each breath that fans the maple leaves,
Now burnished by the sun's declining rays,
I think I hear, in whispers, through the trees,
Such notes as soothed my heart in happier days.

Oh, yes ! SOPHIA, I was happy still,

When through POINT LEVI's groves with thee I strayed,
Or paused upon the summit of the hill,
To watch the humming-birds that round us played.

These, these were minutes of too sweet a cast,

Which in life's pathway we shall meet no more—
Ah, no ! they were too brilliant far to last,
And leave a pang, unfelt—unknown before.

Yet, if reflection wakes a single thought,

When on these lines perchance you yet may gaze—
The heart must tremble, when each scene is brought,
By magic fancy, painting other days.

And when, before the retrospective view,

Each happy incident springs up again,
That touched the heart, or round it softly drew
The sweetest joys that pleasure could contain.

Then, every feeling of the wounded soul,
 Redoubled by the pang of sad regret,
 Must range beyond the bound'ry of control,
 Nor will indulge one moment to forget—

Forget the hours, that on light pinions flew,
 When on the velvet borders of the hill,
 Above the little church,* that stood in view,
 We sat, and felt soft joys our bosom fill.

But, all have vanished ! like the tide of years,
 Which passed beyond the line that marks the flood,
 Where not a single trace, through time appears,
 To show the lovely spot where Eden stood !

* The scenery above the Roman Catholic Church of *Point Levi*, is certainly very delightful—formed by a continued group of little hills, handsomely covered with oak, elm, maple, and trees of various descriptions, rising one above the other, in all the irregularity of romantic beauty.—From the summit of these hills, there is a most interesting view of the northwest brows of Quebec, (called by the Indians *STADACONE*,) rising magnificently up from the winding banks of the St. Charles, and to the right the much admired Island of Orleans—the Falls of Montmorency—and the broad surface of the St. Lawrence, beautifully burnished by the parting sunbeams of a July evening.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

While now the sun's declining ray
Is faintly o'er Slievegallin thrown,
Leaving the last pale streaks of day,
Light gleaming in the west alone.

Beside my Brother's Grave I stand,
Surrounded by an ivied wall,
O'er which, time's fell-destroying hand,
No more impressively can fall !

For Ruin long has marked the spot
Where DEZERTLIN once proudly rose—
But now neglected, and forgot,
'Midst Erin's wrongs, and Erin's woes.

Then calmly sleep, my brother, here,
Where o'er thy head the brier bends,

Now sprinkled by a falling tear,
Which sorrow from the bosom sends.

And may the sycamore long fling
Its sacred shade, in leafy pride,
Along thy grave, till death shall bring
My heart to moulder by thy side.

And here, where thousands sleep around,
For ages in their dreary bed,
We'll rest, beneath this little mound,
'Till God's last mandate wake the dead !

TO ———.

Like Chloe, when she left her teens,
You wish to turn saint,
And every youth asks what this means,
—You've laid aside your paint !

THE CANADIAN GIRL.

I saw her by the dimpling lake,*

Just when the sun's last ray was setting,

And paused to hear her softly wake

The lover's tale of sad regretting—

Till every note that passed along,

Inspired me with her magic song.

The loveliest of the lovely far,

She seemed in that retreat so lonely,

Bright hallowed by the vesper star,

Which o'er her then was twinkling only,

Giving a charm to that loved spot,

Which never yet has been forgot.

* LAKE CALVIÈRE.—Of the many beautiful lakes that surround the neighbourhood of Quebec, there is none more interesting than Calvière. The scenery is delightful, and such as to attract the admiration of the lover and the poet. An evening's sail in a canoe, across its peaceful and shaded bosom, which reflects back the shifting figures of the forest, while the parting sunbeams are but faintly thrown among the waving branches, has often been to me the source of great and uninterrupted pleasure.

And as the wood she wandered through,
Her milk pail in her hand she carried,
Nor made one minute's pause to view
A youth, who fondly there had tarried,
The throbbings of his heart to tell,
And love's too sure enchanting spell.

Oh! never yet has pleasure wove
Around the heart such soft attraction,
As binds me to this tinted grove,
Adorned in nature's gay perfection—
Forming a blushing arbour sweet,
Where two young hearts might gladly meet.

There is a pure—a sacred bliss,
That o'er the soul comes gently stealing,
When musing in a spot like this,
Touching the very soul of feeling :—
And oh ! that I its joys could share
With my beloved Canadian fair.

SPENCER-WOOD.

Through thy green groves, and deep receding bowers,
Loved SPENCER-WOOD ! how often have I strayed,
Or mused away, the calm, unbroken hours,
Beneath some broad oak's cool, refreshing shade.

There, not a sound disturbed the tranquil scene,
Save welcome hummings of the roving bee,
That quickly flitted o'er the tufted green,
Or where the squirrel played from tree to tree.

And I have paused beside that dimpling stream,
Which slowly winds thy beauteous groves among,
Till from its breast retired the sun's last beam,
And every bird had ceased its vesper song.

The blushing arbours of those classic days,
Through which the breathings of the slender reed,

First softly echoed with Arcadia's praise,
Might well be pictured in this sheltered mead.

And blest were those who found a happy home
In thy loved shades, without one throb of care—
No murmurs heard, save from the distant foam,
That rolled in columns o'er the great *Chaudiere*.*

And I have watched the moon in grandeur rise,
Above the tinted maple's leafy breast,
And take her brilliant path-way through the skies,
Till half the world seemed lulled in peaceful rest.

* The falls of the *Chaudiere* are about nine miles from Quebec, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, and for beauty, and romantic scenery, perhaps not surpassed in all America. They are not so magnificent as *Niagara*, but certainly far more picturesque. The *Cohos*, on the Mohawk river—the *Catskill*—the *Genesee*s, which flow into Lake Ontario, and many other falls that I visited, through the United States, are no more than the overflowings of a glass of soda-water, when put in comparison with the enchanting grandeur of the *Chaudiere*.

Oh ! these were hours, whose soft enchanting spell
 Came o'er the heart, in thy grove's deep recess—
 Where e'en poor Shenstone might have loved to dwell,
 Enjoying the pure calm of happiness !

But soon, how soon, a different scene I trace,
 Where I have wandered, or oft musing stood :—
 And those whose cheering looks enhanced the place,
 No more shall smile on thee, lone SPENCER-WOOD !*

* This is one of the most beautiful spots in Lower Canada, and the property of the late HON. MICHAEL HENRY PERCEVAL, who resided there with his accomplished family ; whose polished, and highly educated minds, rendered my visits to SPENCER-WOOD, doubly interesting.—It is handsomely situated on the lofty banks of the St. Lawrence, a little more than two miles from Quebec. The grounds, and gravel walks are tastefully laid out, interspersed with a great variety of trees, planted by the hand of nature. The scenery is altogether magnificent, and particularly towards the east, where the great precipices overhang WOLFE'S COVE. This latter place has derived its name from that hero, who, with his British troops, nobly ascended its frowning cliffs, on the night of the 11th of September, 1759, and took possession of the plains of Abraham.

TO ———

On this rock's narrow brink, which o'erlooks thy loved cot,
I sit at the close of the day,
And watch the round moon just emerge o'er that spot
Where the forest looks smiling and gay.

And surely 'tis sweet, in this moment of peace,
From the world here shut out a while,
The scenes of my boyhood once more to retrace,
Though seldom e'er blest with a smile.

And yet, I could wish to renew them again,
Had I *one* faithful friend by my side,
That would freely partake of my pleasure or pain,
And console me, whatever betide.

And oh ! such a friend I could fancy in thee,
With a soul of the happiest die,

Unruffled and pure, as that mirror I see

Reflecting a summer-eve sky.

But here, on my flute, I shall venture to raise

Those melodies, dearest, of thine,

Whose every note speaks the transport of days

Which never again can be mine.

And oh ! may its breathings, now softly drawn out,

Be as softly conveyed to thine ear,

By the sweet fanning zephyrs, while sporting about,

To tell thee *Slievegallin* is here.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE.

In the noon of thy fame, and the proud blaze of glory,

Dark Fate sent her mandate, and forced thee away—

As if dreading thy name, in the page of her story,

Thou dread wonder of worlds—of kings the dismay.

On a wild barren rock in the bosom of ocean,
 Where nought but the sea-fowl can willingly rest,
 Thou art chained from the struggles of war's fell commo-
 tion,
 And left to such pangs as may harass thy breast.

Yet—better, by far, thou hadst sunk in the battle,
 And closed thy career in the midst of the brave,
 Among clashing of arms, and war's deadly rattle,
 Than walk down in silence to Helena's grave.

Thou maker of kings, and dethroner of tyrants—
 Thou greatest of mortals this earth has yet known—
 Not even the eye of the proudest aspirants
 Dares look at the crowns made so easily thine own !

Yet, France must remember—let Bourbons deny it—
 If gratitude touch but one pulse of her heart—
 Thou hast been her friend through both tumult and quiet,
 Though malice and envy their slander impart.

But now, at the foot of a low bending willow,
Shut out from the sound of the war-trumpet's breath,
In the calm of repose—with a rock for thy pillow—
Thou sleepest in silence—the long sleep of death.

Then, where are the trophies that victory brought thee—
And where are the diadems dragged from each throne,
When nations and kings with devotion have sought thee—
Greatest monarch, and guide of the world alone?

'Tis all but a phantom—the dream of a minute—
That flits from the circle where life makes a stand—
And serves but to show, all the pleasures had in it
Are not worth one half of the cares they command!

TO MARY.

WRITTEN FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE, NEAR

CORNWALL, 1828.

To thee, to thee, though far away,
My every inward thought I turn,
And gladly hope, some future day,
This wearied heart may cease to mourn.

May cease to mourn, when thou art nigh
To soothe and lull its woes to rest,
To calm the swell, the bursting sigh,
That labours in this tortured breast.

For, Mary ! when the shades of care,
In darkness floated o'er my mind,
The pensive hour thou couldst repair,
And for each pang a solace find.

But here, through dreary wilds, unknown,
The muse her dirge of sadness sings,
Unheard, unheeded, and alone,
Wherever chance her pathway brings.

AMERICA ! thy boasted charms,
Are merely fleeting shades of bliss—
My every onward step alarms—
Some lurking reptile sleeps in this.

Oh ! give me back my own green hills,
And humble cot on Branno's side,
Whence flow the deep Pierian rills,
That haste to meet Bann's glassy tide ;

Where Ossian sung, in happier days,
The mighty deeds of each loved Chief—
And still, responsive to his lays,
His gentle harp woke joy or grief.

There may the setting star of life,
 Which long has wandered for repose,
 Secluded from this world's strife,
 With thee, my Mary, meet its close !

APOSTROPHE,

TO THE HARP OF DENNIS HAMPSON, THE MINSTREL OF MAGILLIGAN,
 IN THE COUNTY OF DERRY.

In the gloom of repose, from the hand that has often,
 Through transport the purest, touch'd gently thy strings,
 Thou art destined, ah never ! again once to soften
 The heart with such rapture as melody brings.

Ah, no ! dearest harp ! bleakest ruin hangs o'er thee,
 Thy chords are all torn—and the minstrel now dead,
 Who first through his own native isle proudly bore thee,
 And loved from thy bosom soft music to shed.

Yet the children of Erin shall guard safe the willow,
 That bends in luxuriance o'er his lone grave,
 And nods in the night-winds—half fanned by the billow,
 Which loves the Magilligan shores still to lave.

In the sunshine of days—now but living in story,
 Around his thatched cot would the villagers throng,
 When the heart felt no motion, save proud bursts of glory,
 And thrills of delight still awoke by his song.

Oh, HAMPSON !* each charm sweetest music has in it,
 In soul-breathing numbers came forth at thy touch,
 And yielded fresh rapture, each heavenly minute,
 That the heart, until then, never knew half as much.

* This 'son of song,' and the last of the wandering minstrels of Ireland, died in his own little cottage, on the shores of Magilligan, in 1808, at the advanced age of 115 years. LADY MORGAN has lately caused a marble slab, with a suitable inscription, to be placed over his grave.—My talented friend, of the Irish Shield, GEORGE PEPPER, has given, in that valuable publication, a very interesting description of Magilligan, worthy of his classical and highly accomplished pen.

But peace to thy shade!—and while o'er thy wrecked
lyre—

True emblem of Erin—now hushed in the hall—
In sorrow I gaze—deep reflections inspire,
And saddest emotions my bosom enthrall.

Yet, dare I but venture, loved harp, to restring thee,
With hand, though but humble—is faithful and true—
The zephyrs, while playing at evening, might bring thee
Such music as Memnon's, when sunbeams glide through.

But now, since the night shades are closing around thee,
My last parting wish o'er thee bending I'll pour:—
Undisturbed may'st thou rest—as when first I found
thee—

Till Freedom, to Erin, her anthem restore.*

* Since the above stanzas were written, the noble efforts of our generous SOVEREIGN, assisted by the immortal WELLINGTON, and other distinguished patriots, have happily procured for Ireland her long sought freedom.

TO MISS EVELEEN ———.

WRITTEN ON THE TABLE ROCK, AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA, 1828.

Oh! with thee, my dear girl, 'tis now doubly sweet,
One moment to gaze on those columns of foam,
O'er the brim of that precipice rushing to meet,
In Ontario's bosom a happier home.

And; oh! there's a grandeur sublime in the surge,
Which awakens a feeling unkindled before—
A language conveyed, in the gloom of that dirge,
Sent forth from each torrent that bursts on the shore.

But now, from the struggles of waters below,
Let us turn our eyes to a happier scene,
And mark the deep tints of yon miniature bow,
Commingled with heaven's pure essence of green.

This, this is an æra of grandeur sublime,
 Mark'd out in life's pathway as onward we go,
 To the goal of our hopes, to that heavenly clime,
 Where the waters of Eden in quietness flow.

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY B. SYMES.

JAMQUE VALE.

Deep o'er the pensive mind, in sorrowing gloom,
 Sad melancholy holds her potent sway,
 And marks, oh much loved youth ! thy early doom,
 From friends as dear as life thus snatched away.

Around the classic board* shall we no more
 Pursue the page that marks the foot of time,
 Or drink from Helicon that living lore,
 Which lifts the soul, and gives it thoughts sublime.

* This alludes to a *Literary Society*, established in Quebec in the winter of 1825, of which Mr. SYMES was a member.

Ah, no! the scene is closed—each hope is fled—
 And life fast fleeting ebbs from every vein—
 Thou, HENRY—thou art numbered with the dead,
 And I shall shortly follow in the train.

The fairy dreams that long have mocked the view,
 No more shall rise to cheat th' aspiring soul—
 Hence to earth's visions let me breathe adieu,
 And learn ambition's passion to control.

Poor *Kirk-White*, *Dermody*, and woe-struck *Orr*,
 Proclaim, in all the tide of highest grief,
 The mind too sensitive, ill made to bear
 The storms of fate—in heaven but finds relief.

Then, friend, farewell! and from my feeble lyre
 Accept the parting tribute that it gives—
 Since thou art gone to join the heavenly choir,
 Where that best part, the soul, immortal lives.

CATHLEEN.

Over her tearful eyes hung loose her disordered locks—
She wept for her own green land. — OSSIAN.

Upon a lonely bank, against whose base
Saint Lawrence wildly heaves, she sat and wept
Her sad misfortune—that dark misfortune,
Which thus had forced her from her native cot,
And doomed her in a distant land to seek
A scanty pittance from a hand unknown.

A sun more fierce than ever yet has flung
Its scorching beams upon her own green hills,
Had marked her care-worn cheek with brownest hue,
And tinged her brow with deep Canadian die—
To me she told the story of her woes,
And hopes of other times, which never more
Can wake one spark of joy in her dark soul.

Yet, CATHLEEN, though a wreck, seemed lovely still,
 And kindled feelings of a finer stamp
 Than pity or compassion e'er hath known.

Her plaintive tale was such, as Erin's child,
 No matter where he strays to find a home,
 Might well divine.—But as my pen, too oft,
 Has freely strayed from that allegiance,
 Which some may say it owes to England's king,
 I'll here restrain its open willingness,
 And check its *blamed* impetuosity !

Yet, quite too soon, the chequered path of life
 Thy young and gentle heart must enter on,
 Without a guide—save the All-ruling Power,
 Which, at the call of stainless purity,
 Is ever ready—and confers a boon,
 On worth and innocence so chaste as thine.
 Deep, deep, unseen like Bakou's ardent fire,
 Lie all the sympathies that merit praise

In man's proud breast, till sadly once he sees—
 Too true an image of his country's fate—
 The child of impulse weep, and drag the chain—
 Then all the soft emotions of his heart—
 As spirits flash resentment on the foe—
 Quick swell to rage—he strikes, and takes revenge.

Oh, Cathleen ! I can truly share thy grief,
 And fain would hope, that yet a brighter day
 May shine with all its wonted cheerfulness,
 And give to Erin's Isle what Heaven designed ;—
 Come then with me, the portion of my roof,
 Which, though but scanty, thou shalt freely share—
 And when the shell of joy has once proclaimed
Loved Erin free, I'll cross the ocean wave,
 And to thy mountain-cot thyself restore.

SACRED MELODY.

Why should my heart forgetful be
Of all thy gifts so freely given ?
Why are my thoughts estranged from thee,
Thou God of grace, thou King of heaven ?

Oh ! let me from my folly turn,
Nor longer walk the path of death—
Teach me my errors now to mourn,
And praise thee with my latest breath.

Too long, in wild poetic dreams,
My heart has drunk delusive pleasure,
And on the falsely moving streams
Of Fancy sought a dying treasure.

But, ah ! how soon the vision flies,
And mocks the bliss we sought for here—

Earth's brightest joy in darkness dies,
 Nor leaves one hope the soul to cheer.

RELIGION ! gives the soul relief,
 And points the way to purest bliss —
 RELIGION ! dries each tear of grief,
 And makes us e'en a heaven of this.

Then, pardon all my sinful deeds,
 And wash each blotting stain from me—
 Oh ! heal this wounded heart that bleeds,
 And bring it home to heaven and thee.

THE FAIRY-BOAT.

The winds are hushed, the waves are still—
 All nature seems to catch the tone,
 And calmly list the Clar'net's thrill,
 And notes of days that now are gone.

Yes—I have heard, in happier hours,
That sweet, that fairy breath of song,
While yet my path was strewed with flowers,
My own, my native hills among.

And now, as o'er the water's brim
That little bark of pleasure steers,
Through time's extended vista, dim,
It wakes the joys of other years—

Joys, happy joys, that long have slept,
Now memory's page unfolds again,
And all the scenes o'er which I've wept,
Seem half revived in music's strain.

And I am sure, that heart and hand,
So happily each soft note swelling,
Are not unknown to Erin's land,
And seem as if her sorrows telling !

For peace no longer crowns her hills—

No shell of gladness cheers her hall—

No evening dance—by purling rills

Her daughters led the festive ball.

Oh ! there's a pleasing sadness thrown—

A melancholy bliss, that steals

Along the heart, and makes it own

The power that melody reveals—

When thus, on Zephyr's airy wing,

Notes loved in boyhood reach the ear—

The notes my MARY joyed to sing,

By LOUGHNEAGH's banks when I was near.

But I have left my own dear lakes,

My cottage maid and humble home,

To wander here, through woods and brakes,

Where free as air the Indians roam.

Yet, ERIN ! though we sadly part,
 My soul's devotion bends to thee,
 With all the fervour of a heart
 That pants to know that thou art free.

And when that foul, unholy chain
 The patriot-hand shall proudly break,
 I'll string my native harp again,
 And all its former songs awake.

TO — — ,

A GREAT POETICAL PLAGIARIST.

In council, where the muses met,
 To their kind God appealing—
 It was resolved—without regret—
 That you be hanged for stealing.

A FUGITIVE GARLAND,

TO BE STREWN ON THE STRANGE GRAVE OF GEORGE F. COOKE,
THE "IRISH ROSCIUS."

*Non ego te meis Chartis inornatum silebo.
Tolve tuos patiar honores impune, carpere lividas obliviones.*

HORACE.

Here have I come, with reverential tread,
O'er many a grave that throngs this sacred spot,
To seek thy *Tomb*, among the unknown dead,
Who sleep around—unmourned—and long forgot.

And there's a feeling—such as hearts like mine
Alone may feel—comes trembling through my frame,
While now I trace the Demon-defaced line
That bears, oh COOKE ! thy much insulted name !

But though some impious hand has dared to touch
The marble block thy FRIEND erected here—

There is a pyramid to thee—and such
 As pale-faced envy never can come near.

That pyramid is Fame's—and her great hand
 Displays the banner Genius o'er thee hung,
 When, in obedience to her high command,
 Nations were captives to thy magic tongue !

Yet, I've a hope, that ere a distant day,
 Some spirit, prompted by indulgent heaven,
 Will safely to that *Isle* thy bones convey,
 Where first the mountain-breeze of life was given.

And this exotic plant*—this lonely one—
 Sole verdure, budding on this naked mound,

* The only verdure I could find on the hallowed grave of COOKE was a solitary Shamrock, which seemed to have taken shelter close by the corner of the monument, as the faithful representative of the tragedian's country. Unwilling, therefore, that it should be exposed to such wreck and abuse as some foul hands have already inflicted on the monument, I have deprived *St. Paul*, of New York, of this re-

I will translate—that, e'en when I am gone,

It may, to deck thy future grave, be found—

Where it will flourish long in honoured rest—

No foot to bruise or soil its tender frame—

Nor folded reptile slumber on its breast,

But freshly bloom with COOK's undying name!

TO ———

Nay ! ask not why that dark'ning gloom

Sits heavy on my youthful brow—

Or why thus fled the healthful bloom,

And left my cheek so fallow now—

spected emblem of *St. Patrick*, by conveying it to my own temporary abode, and shall finally plant it on the green summit of the flowery mantled *Slievegallin*, in the county of Derry—where it may once more imbibe the dew of a friendlier sky, and spread forth its little blossoms to the fairy breezes of its native mountains.

Or why my harp I take no more,
To wake again its slumb'ring string,
Or swell the note, so loved before,
Whose simplest tone could solace bring.

There is a *cause* I dare not tell,
Which, like a tempest rude, doth shake
My bosom's chord—(no fancied spell)—
Like reeds upon some curling lake.

There was a time when every joy,
Like sunbeams playing o'er the wave,
Danced in my path—without alloy—
And to each sweet new relish gave.

Then, ask no more—no lover's thought
Disturbs one fibre of my breast—
Ah, no ! 'tis something dearer bought,
Which ne'er, till life's last pulse, can rest.

There is but one, and only one,
 Can read the torturing pang that's cast
 To wreck this heart—yet were —— gone,
 How fondly should I breathe my last!

TO MISS M—— G——.

That languid look and mournful air
 Bespeak a heart depressed by sorrow—
 And throbs ebb forth, as if despair
 Had left for thee no shining morrow.

Then, tell me—has false hope deceived,
 And proved a tyrant so unfeeling?
 Or, has some youth—with vows believed—
 Betrayed that heart, whence sighs are stealing?

If so—may all the direful pangs

A wounded conscience can awaken,
His bosom tear, with venom'd fangs,
Till by the world and life forsaken.

That pallid cheek appears to me,
In all its dress of deepest anguish,
The very type of misery,
Where youth and hope together languish.

But, ah ! the morning calm, I fear,
Of love is past—nor joy's emotion
Remains to smooth thy pathway here,
Or light the flame of thy devotion.

How desolate that heart must be,
Still doomed—no gleam of bliss remaining—
To endure the curse of memory,
Past miseries alone retaining !

Then, let me weep and sigh with thee,
 And look such words as can't be spoken—
 Come, fly dear girl—oh! fly to me—
 I'll sooth that heart too sadly broken.

THE BROKEN HEART.

*“She was not beautiful, if bloom
 And smiles form beauty—for, like death,
 Her brow was ghastly.”*

Those veering thoughts which toss thy labouring mind,
 Lost in its own dark agony, are sad,
 And form a pit'ous wreck from what they feed on,
 In youth's short morning.

Thine the fate of hearts, tender, kind, possessing
 All the warmth that pure, gentlest love inspires,
 Till by some stroke ungenerously severe,
 They fall and languish.

Lately I've seen thy full buoyancy of soul,
 Playful and free, as mountain-sylph or fawn,
 Ere pain, or anxious care thy thoughts estranged,
 Or sorrow found thee.

But, alas ! the shifting scene has left a trace—
 A trace too eloquent of lasting woes,
 In which we read misfortune's dark impression,
 Fixed, indelible.

That cheek, on which youth's loveliest bloom has played,
 And brow, whose radiance might have fully vied
 Still with the most boasted of the eastern fair,
 Have lost their sweetness.

All the winning cheerfulness of thy young heart,
 And blushing tints which beauty round thee flung—
 Like flow'rs fading away in their sweet odours—
 Fast yield to decay.

And, like the lone hermit, in his dungeon'd cell*—
 Where one bright ray of heav'n's light ne'er enters,
 Wrapp'd in the solitude of his working thoughts—
 Still Memory shines,

And gives to other days their happiest hue—
 Till, at reflection's call, his heart looks back,
 And shows him what he was, is, and soon must be—
 The very jest of fate.

Thus, in the gloom of thine own imaginings,
 Thou pond'rest o'er bright days, and happy hours,
 Gone by, no more to cheer life's tedious round,
 Or smooth thy pathway.

But—mildest, fairest—for yet thou still art fair—
 Had beauty, and all virtue can bestow,
 Been proof 'gainst ev'ry ill, thou hadst stood unhurt,
 Beneath life's pressure !

* OVID very properly terms 'darkness,' *Maxima nutrit curarum*.

EPITAPH.

ON THE REV. ————.

Arge Jacas !

Here ——— sleeps, say what you please—

He's rescued now from bother—

He prayed, and sipped his glass, at ease,

But ne'er shall sip another—

Unless some friend, with friendship fraught,

Who, ere he saw him off in

His last caleche, had kindly thought

To slip one in his coffin.

In Grotius oft he took delight,

And Lincoln studied daily—

But Holland surely every night,

Because more clear than *Pale-ly* !

TO MISS SUSAN B——S.

There was a time I loved to gaze
Upon thine eyes of deepest blue,
And fancied all their beaming rays,
Were but thy pure soul shining through.

But fancy often points a way,
Which calm reflection disapproves,
And reason brings a choicer lay,
Than what the poet often loves.

Yet—while the wildness of my song
Has freely caught thy list'ning ear,
'Twas rapture ever to prolong
Such notes as thou wert pleased to hear.

And, SUSAN ! I have thought that heart
Was but the steady home of love—

A home ~~that~~ only could impart

Such bliss as angels taste above.

Thy truth and candour—dare I say?—

'Mong females rarely to be found,

Were but the beings of a day,

As void as echo's mimic sound.

To blame, or even to accuse

The shifting movements of thy soul,

Is not adapted to the muse—

She feels an honest self-control—

For, oh! such notes suit not my lyre—

It loves to yield its gentle string

In unison with joy's desire,

Brought forth on Zephyr's airy wing.

The object of thy wav'ring care

Seems purely worthy to be thine,

True Cambrian-like—then let him share
The bliss I seek not to be mine.

A scarlet coat has many a charm,
Both *fish*, and female hearts to gain—*
Attractive powers!—then dread no harm,
The son of Mars will guard from pain!

Let talent hide her modest head—
Let worth from scenes like this retire—
Let genius never dare to tread
The field where woman stands umpire!

Unless in scarlet they be dressed—
Instead of bays, a waving feather—
Then doubtless they will be caressed,
And *Su* and they shall fly together.

* It is a well known fact, that not only silly girls are very fond of a red coat, but even mackerel are caught by the foulest bait when covered with scarlet.

IMPROMPTU,

TO S—— C—DM—N, Esq.

IN ANSWER TO A FRIENDLY NOTE, ACCOMPANYING A QUANTITY
OF CHOICE WINE, SENT TO THE AUTHOR DURING
INDISPOSITION.

DEAR C.

True, your wine is as good
As in goblet e'er stood,
Or enliven'd the soul, or the sense—
The Falernian juice
Never was of more use—
Freeing me from the *Paulo Post* tense.

For long time have I been,
Just lingering between
Life and death, with some Sibyl as grim—
But here now, with one sup,
From the dear liquid cup,
All my spirits shall flow to the brim.

R

The Cæcubian draught,
 O'er which Horace oft laughed,
 As sweet as kind Venus' nectar,
 Never gave more relief
 To the spirit, where grief
 Pressed deep as the woes upon Hector.

E'en good Cato did sip
 The loved balm with his lip,
 From th' Amystis, whene'er he should dine—
 Nor did Phillis do less,
 The Albanian press
 Caused her goblet to flow with pure wine.

I hope no one will blame
 Now if I do the same—
 For our motives and views disagree :
 'Twas fond pleasure they caught—
 'Tis dear health that I've sought—
 For health's the sweet beverage for me.

Then, best thanks for your gift,
 Which my spirits shall lift,
 And give a new tinge to my feeling—
 I am grateful to say,
 That I feel now this day
 Ev'ry pang of my heart quickly healing.

SOPHIA'S REPLY.

My child—said a mother, with caution severe—
 I hope you will never forget,
 That modesty's traces ought always appear
 In the form where true beauties are met.

'Tis this is the glory and pride of the fair,
 Adding lustre to every grace—
 Surrounded by gallants, then strictly beware
 Of that full gaze of thine in their face !

Let thy long lashes bind thy regards to the earth,
 And evade the rude glance of each youth—
 Thus emotions of rapture thou'lt quickly give birth,
 And the flame thou awaken'st be truth.

Look downward, Mama!—said the maid in surprise—
 Hide the beauties that nature has given?—
 As well might we think of averting our eyes
 From the blue smiling lustre of heaven.

In periods gone by, might the maidens consent
 To retract their young charms from the view,
 When religion's or coquetry's arrows were spent—
 But at this day, such tales!—and from you!—

The men may look down, as subdued by our charms,
 Till we bid the mild suiters look up—
 And fear or exult, in the power of our arms,
 Impell'd by despair or by hope.

From man we emerge, as the sunbeams of light

Cluster round the meridian sun's rim—

Then why not the purest best *arrows of sight*,

Be incessantly levelled at him !

TO MARY,

ON HER RETURNING TO HER NATIVE COUNTRY, AFTER AN ABSENCE
OF FIVE YEARS.

Go, fair one—go, and may each gale

Propitious guide thee o'er the wave—

May gentle breezes swell the sail,

And Heaven prove kind my love to save.

Go, fair one—go to that loved Isle,

Where friendship hails thy glad return—

Where joy the purest loves to smile,

And beauty's torches brightest burn.

And when along the green-clad shore,
At evening's close you oft may stray,
Ah! tell me, shall e'en one thought more
Be turned to him who's far away?

Shall memory point to each blest hour
So sweetly spent, untinged with care,
When oft we sought the hawthorn bower,
To sigh love forth and ramble there?

Then high raised rapture filled the eye,
And melting fondness filled the heart—
Nor dreamed we that an hour was nigh,
To wrench our mutual souls apart.

But that cursed hour too quickly came,
And robbed me of my purest bliss—
Nor left me aught, except the name
Of life, to feel the pang of this.

Then, fare thee well—no more we'll meet

By whinny brae, or heath-clad hill—

No more thy gentle converse sweet,

Can cheer this heart with rapture's thrill.

Yet, all the influence time may lend,

Can't break love's fondest, earliest twine,

Nor chill that heart—till life shall end—

Which still, dear MARY! still is thine.

RANGLEAWE—THE ROVING BARD.

From the cot of my father, as day-light descended,

And Sol dipped his rim in the far distant wave,

O'er the hills of Slievegallin my lone steps I bended,

Where the heath-bell nods gently o'er RANG's* silent
grave.

* As there are few of the Irish people to whom the writings and character of RANGLEAWE, (Francis Dowling,) are not well known,

There calmly in sleep rests the Bard, famed in story,
 Who oft from his lip would wild melody pour,
 When of *Erin* he sung, and her long faded glory,
 While his harp the soft numbers repeated *Gillore*.

But that harp now no longer its sweet tones awaken,
 To gladden the heart with each soft melting thrill—
 Ah, no ! every chord slumbers sadly forsaken,
 And the lip that breathed o'er them now hushed on
 the hill.

it is enough to say, that his poetic and extemporaneous effusions, together with a copiousness of that ready wit which is so truly the characteristic of Irishmen, rendered him an object of the greatest respect, and always procured for him, wherever he went, the "*Cead mile failte duit*," hundred thousand welcomes.—Like most other poets, he was particularly fond of celebrating the pretty girls of his day. The greatest favourite that he ever had was a Miss DOWNY, whose lovely form and features are still clear to my recollection. I never saw her but once, and that when I was but very young. She was then on a visit to a friend, in my own little village, *Tullinagee*—and curiosity led me to see the lady whom our old bard had so highly celebrated. With rude boyish gaze, I strictly surveyed the fading form of her who once could inspire the lover and the poet. There was an indescribable something in her look and manner that I thought surpassed all I had ever seen, and made such an impression on my mind, that it still is, and ever shall be, unmoved by the operations of time.

To the past days of sunshine fond memory bore me,
And pictured the joys that no longer appear—
She marked out the spot, where the Bard slept before me—
That *spot* which the children of Erin revere.

His tomb shall be decked with the ever-green heather—
The shamrock and daisy around it be spread—
And the sweet smiling daughters of Erin shall gather
The loveliest flowers to garnish his bed.

Then farewell, loved minstrel—although thy harp slum-
bers,
Some true kindred spirit may yet wake its tone,
And touch with pure finger the soul-breathing numbers
That liberty kindles in hearts like our own.

Yes—freedom restored to the green hills of Erin,
Shall proudly display her own banner again—
While the Demon of party in torture's despairing,
And tyranny conquered shall writhe in her chain.

MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

'Tis the last of the great that has gone to his rest,
And the death-note is heard o'er the billows afar—
The nations where liberty stands now confest
Weep sadly the loss of this meteor-star.

And Albion sighs while she points to the spot,
That bears now inscribed her loved patriot's name—
Her CANNING !—that statesman who never forgot
What is due to mankind, and his country's fame.

Now Liberty's torch shall illumine his urn,
And Erin her incense around it shall fling,
Whilst praying for freedom !—and still to it turn,
With a faith that incites her pure off'rings to bring.

'Tis an off'ring of hearts, as fixed, firm and brave,
 As the rock that withstands the rude surge from the
 deep,
 And smiles at the foam, and the wide-spreading wave,
 That loves the *Green Isle* in its bosom to steep.

Yet, her prayers shall be heard—for her KING he is just—
 And the land of *Fitzgerald* soon flourish again
 'Mong the nations of earth—whilst low in the dust,
 Oppression shall struggle and gnaw her own chain.

Oh, CANNING ! the fountain of reason was thine,
 And the rights of mankind could thee ever inspire ;
 'Midst the world's commotion—at liberty's shrine,
 Thou never forgottest the loved *land* of thy Sire.*

From the bed of oppression, and tortures of pain,
 Pale Frenzy, to ease the deep pangs of her mind,
 Sought refuge from thee, nor sought she in vain,
 For thou touched every chord that vibrates on mankind.

* Ireland.

But, Star of the West ! now forever farewell—

Thou art gone to illumine a happier sphere ;
 Yet the light thou hast kindled shall still with us dwell,
 And thy name to posterity ever be dear.

STANZAS,

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

High throbs the heart with sorrows keenest swell,
 While now a parting tribute friendship pays
 To one long dearly loved, whose fun'ral knell
 Strikes the sad ear with death's last obsequies.

And onward there, deep, melancholy, slow,
 In solemn silence move the weeping train—
 Where they consign, in all the gloom of woe,
 Pale earth to earth, and dust to dust again.

This, this thy fate, just when the op'ning day
 Of manhood beamed upon thy youthful brow,

And fortune smiled, to cheer and gild thy way,
But never proved, alas ! so false as now !

There, o'er thy grave a mother bending weeps,
Whose aged heart life's chequered walk has run—
A sister, too, thy new raised pillow steeps,
Clings to the wreck 'twere better far to shun.

Thus, the bright ray Hope kindled to the view—
As shines the lamp in winter's piercing breath—
A while around a cheering light it threw,
Then quiv'ring, sunk in the night-shade of death—

And as a meteor gliding from the pole,
Swift passed those joys to ruin and decay,
That once as brightly played upon the soul,
And pure as sunbeams on a summer sea.

Then, fare thee well—*One* bleeding heart shall mourn,
To which, nor time nor chance can bring relief—

Her vestal hand shall guard thy sacred urn,
 And there consume her days in endless grief—

With pious care she'll tend that hallowed spot,
 Where sleeps the youth for whom her bosom glowed—
 Nor shall that heart one moment be forgot,
 Where friendship, honour, truth and love abode.

Ah, no—for thee her anthem still shall rise
 To heaven's portals at the close of day—
 For thee, her fervent prayers shall reach the skies,
 When evening gems the deep blue starry way.

And while she tastes the balm heaven's hope must bring,
 And owns the path her blest Redeemer trod—
 Death seems disarmed of his envenom'd sting,
 And all her wishes centre in her God.

Oh ! may our hearts the grateful homage feel,
 And turn to Him who kindly bids us live :

Whose mercy still the deepest wound can heal—

Who bids us ask, and he will freely give.

ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN JOHN M'MICHAEL.

The death-note breaks upon the ear,

And friendship mourns a friend departed,

Whilst mem'ry sheds the burning tear

For him, the good and generous hearted.

Nor can the cloud of deepest woe

That bursting throb of sorrow cover,

Which feeds upon the swelling throe,

And wrecks the heart when hope is over.

From thee the needy found relief,

For pity raised thy tender feeling—

By thee was cooled the flush of grief,
And wiped the tear from anguish stealing.

A heart more pure, more true, more kind,
In man's fond breast expanded never—
Ah, no ! for love was there enshrined,
And even death that love can't sever.

But, hark ! how soft, how sweet the sound,
Where angels come, thy spirit greeting,
Echoing joyous notes around—
Oh ! the glorious, heavenly meeting !

And now how brightly glows the flame
In breasts seraphic—for thee caring—
And heaven's page enrolls thy name,
Where thou celestial bliss art sharing.

THE HIBERNIAN SOLITARY.

Fair rose the day star 'mid the smiles of Heaven,
And nature's flowery garb bedeck'd the lawn—
Each bending spray with dew-drops thickly gemmed—
The opening blossoms sent forth rich perfume—
When thus I strayed, reckless of earth-born cares,
O'er the proud summit of Slievegallin fair—
Mountain renowned in song—by me adored—
Where beauty's richest works profusely swell
With varied scenes, that boast unequalled grandeur.
There, 'midst the flow of all my boyish thoughts,
I pondered o'er the mighty days gone by,
When Erin's bards awoke their native strain,
And touched the chord of sainted melody,
Whilst from the harp, in dulcet numbers flowed
The soul of music, wafted on the breeze.

Thus, as I wandered o'er the daisied banks,
I cast my eye tow'rds that loved Cot below—

Home of my childhood—seat of blissful hours :
 But now that home's no more, nor inmates dear,
 Nor blissful hours—for gone's my every joy !
 How sad the thought !—how painfully severe
 With memory now to range, and re-survey
 The sunny moments of my school-boy days—
 When oft I lightly brushed the morning dew—
 And, with the friends then dearest to my bosom,
 Culled the sweet primrose from the thorny hedge—
 Or sauntered by the purling brook, to see
 The speckled trout dance in the solar beam—
 Or with the maid I loved, whose glowing cheek
 And sparkling eye, and manners mild, inviting—
 I fondly walked, whilst rapture filled my soul,
 And pulled the lily from the flowery plain—
 An offering for my love—as slow we moved
 Tow'rds that famed Fort,* the pride of Tullinagee—

* This Fort, called by the Irish *Forsh*, is a standing monument of Danish ingenuity—and for beauty and grandeur perhaps not excelled in the British Empire. It is beautifully situated close to my native

Fit seat for gods—and long the loved abode

Of Erin's sages and immortal bards.

Ye fairy dreams of bliss ! where are ye now ?

Where now the dear companions of my youth ?

And where is she, that made this earth a heaven,

And blessed me with her smiles—or with a look

Of love, that chased away the gloom of care,

And made me more than happy—more than blest—

Carrying my soul to highest ecstasy !

Has Heaven thus proved severe, and ruined all ?

Crushing my hopes, just in their morning bloom—

The flower, ah ! nipped before its sweets were shed !

Yes, Heaven has proved severe—what have I said ?

Oh ! Heaven forgive—nor let my anguish keen

Inspire one thought rebellious 'gainst thy throne.

The chain is snapped—yea, snapped the tender chain

That linked me to this earth—and every finer tie

village, in the romantic townland of *Tullinagee*, in the county of Londonderry. From this latter place the greatest statesman that ever adorned the British Cabinet derived his title.

Is burst asunder—nor can summer's eve,
 When youths light-hearted dance upon the green,
 Longer delight—nor aught of rural sports.
 Tell me, my soul—ah ! can I e'er forget
 Th' afflictive day I sought the Tomoch's brow,
 To gaze upon the boiling surge below,
 Where foaming billows beat the hoary cliffs
 On Erin's shore—and view the bowers of green—
 The ivied turrets—seats of classic lore—
 And tomb, where slept all life made dear to me !
 This done, I shed the big and parting tear,
 And sighed to that loved spot a last farewell !

THE CHIMING BELL.

Now, on the gentle breath of morn,
 Once more I hear that chiming bell,
 As onward, slow, each note is borne,
 Like echo's lingering, last farewell.

And still I love to hear the sound,
 Ascending from the wide-spread vale,
 Filling the spacious concave round,
 Deep mellowed by the passing gale.

And while I pause to catch each tone
 That vibrates on my pensive ear—
 The images of days far gone,
 In quick succession re-appear.

I feel, I see, I share again,
 In this short hour, all earth has given,
 Of hope, of pleasure, or of pain,
 To soothe, or cheer my soul to heaven.

But why should fairy fancy stray,
 Nor leave me with my griefs to dwell?—
 My purest joys have died away,
 Since first I heard that morning bell.*

* The above lines were suggested on hearing the morning bell of the General Hospital. The General Hospital is a very fine and a ve-

Yet, when I slumber with the dead,
 Some other bard may wander here,
 To muse, like me, on prospects fled,
 And all that life had rendered dear !

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO THE HON. AND RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES JAMES
 STEWART, LORD BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

——— φίλῳ δ' ἢ ἀνθρώποισι
 Πάντας γὰρ φιλοῖσιν.

Ere I unstring my fond, devoted lyre,
 Whose faithful throbbings spoke the feeling breast—
 Or from the field of poesy retire,
 To seek one little calm of blissful rest ;—

ry extensive building, situated at a short distance from Quebec, on the winding shores of the River St. Charles. The chiming of this bell has a most pleasing effect, when heard at a distance on any part of the surrounding hills.

Here do I love to mingle with its tone,

The parting tone, that softly breathes to thee

This heart's best wishes—for thy name alone

Is ever dear to memory, and to me.

And blessed are they who feel Religion's power

In Gospel truths, by thee so kindly given,

To cheer the sinking heart in life's last hour,

Thou good—thou worthy delegate from heaven.

And, oh ! how pleasingly the mind surveys

Thy tender friendship, oft on me bestowed,

Throughout a sunny lapse of happier days,

When this wrecked heart with pure devotion glowed.

Had nature formed me of another cast—

Or chilled imagination's burning power—

Still moping o'er the Fathers had I passed,

In dullest gloom, the long and cheerless hour !

But I repine not—in the Muses' train

I love to follow—taught by fancy's call
To wake a doleful dirge, or pleasing strain,
As joy, or woe, alternately may fall !

The mind, alone the standard of the man,
If rightly managed, all our bliss secures—
And clearly shows, that wise, that holy plan,
By which Omnipotence our peace ensures.

Farewell, my Lord, until another page
Shall ope its spotless bosom to my pen—
When on the pleasing task I will engage,
To sing thy worth—thou kindest, best of men.

THE END.

